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THE PENINSULA OF SINAI; NOTES OF TRAVEL THEREIN.

THESE notes of our journey through the Peninsula of Sinai will be better understood by a brief preliminary indication of its general features.

Among the most remarkable of the physical phenomena of our globe are the vast wastes upon its surface,—its extensive tracts of water, steppes, wilderness, desert, and mountain,—not only unreclaimed for habitable uses, but for the most part unreclaimable. These are in perfect harmony with the grand economy of nature,—whereby the balance of natural forces is preserved, and the fruitfulness, beauty, and utility of the earth, as a whole, are maintained, but in themselves these are very remarkable. A reference to the map will show that the desert region of which the Peninsula of Sinai forms a part, extends from Cape Blanco on the north-west coast of Africa, to beyond the Indus in Central Asia;—a distance of 5,600 miles—a 'vast sea of sand,' as Herodotus calls it;—a desert belt of varying depth, beginning with the Great Sahara, which stretches right across Northern Africa, and is separated from the desert of Suez only by the narrow valley of the Nile. That again is separated by the Gulf of Suez from the broad plateau of Arabia, and the desert of Syria, which extend as far as the Persian Gulf and the rivers of Mesopotamia. Then come the vast wastes of Persia, as far as the Indus, beyond which is the desert of Mooltan;—a huge zone of desert links, vast, sterile, and burning, strung together by diamond rivers or emerald valleys, and hung, as it were, round the neck of the globe. Of this huge chain the little Peninsula of Sinai is nearly the central pendant. It is formed by the bifurcation of the northern end of the Red Sea; the eastern gulf running up to 'Akabah—the Ezion-geber of Scripture,—its depression being continued in the deep desert valley of 'Arabah to the Dead Sea, and thence up the valley of the Jordan to the Lebanon; the western gulf terminating just above Suez. Roughly speaking, a line drawn from 'Akabah to Suez would

form the base, about 130 miles long, of a scalene triangle, the Suez Gulf forming the longest side. North of the line so drawn, the desert extends to the Mediterranean Sea; westward to the Pelusiatic branch of the Nile; and eastward as far as the Persian Gulf; wrapping itself round the mountainous slip of Palestine, this same desert waste stretches away to the north nearly to the Black Sea; and to the north-east as far as Bagdad, Mosul, and the Armenian mountains.

The centre of the Peninsula itself consists of an elevated plateau or table land—the well-known *et-Tih*, or desert of 'the Wanderings'—a name traditionally derived, probably, from the wanderings of the Israelites 3,000 years ago. This desert plateau, which begins with the shore of the Mediterranean and extends about half-way down the Peninsula, gradually rises, until, at its southern boundary, it attains an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet above the sea. This makes the desert itself pleasant and breezy,—so far, that is, as such an elevation can attemper the fierce heat of an Arabian sun, reflected from an arid and gravelly soil.

This plateau is thrust like a tongue into the peninsula; its boundary is an almost perpendicular mountain wall, averaging between 3,000 and 4,000 feet in height, and extending from nearly opposite Suez to 'Akabah. On the Suez side it runs parallel with the sea for about sixty miles, at a distance of about fifteen miles from the margin of the latter; then it trends away to the east in a rough kind of semicircle, making way for the highland district of Sinai,—the vast mountain ranges of the *Tür*. Mountain ranges, properly so called, vary in height and outline; but this huge wall, which is simply the precipitous termination of the desert plateau, is nearly uniform in its level; it varies only with the undulating surface of the desert. The mountains of Moab, on the east of the Jordan, form a similar mountain wall, seen from every part of Palestine. As the traveller to Sinai leaves Suez, he traverses the low belt of desert between the plateau and the sea, having the latter on his right hand at an average distance of four or five miles; and on his left this magnificent

wall of limestone, with its magical colours varying with the course of the sun and the condition of the atmosphere, from the dull grey of the morning to the brilliant white of mid-day, and the dolphin hues of evening. Thus far the range is called Jebel er-Râhah, or 'mountain of rest'; — a name singularly corresponding with that of the opposite headland on the Egyptian side — the Jebel 'Atâkah, or 'mountain of deliverance.' Approaching the plateau from Sinai, on the south, it still towers and glitters from every point of elevation — a magnificent and precipitous, almost a perpendicular fortification, to be scaled by only one or two passes. This part of the wall of the plateau bears the same name as the desert — the Jebel et-Tih, or 'mountain of wandering.' Along the base of it, from 'Akabah nearly to the Gulf of Suez — a distance of perhaps seventy or eighty miles — lies a broad belt of sand, dividing the desert plateau from the mountains of Sinai. This plain of sand is called the 'Debbit-er-Ramleh,' or 'sandy plain,' to indicate its peculiar character. It is almost the only sandy district of that part of Arabia. In the greater part of it the sand is deep, and fatiguing to traverse. We were about four hours in crossing it.

It is a popular misconception that the surface of the desert is sand. Save the 'Debbit-er-Ramleh,' and a little in the Wâdy Ghûrîndel, probably brought from the former by easterly winds, we encountered no sand. The general surface of the desert is hard and gravelly; it consists of broad rolling plains, broken by limestone rocks and mountain ranges upheaved therefrom, which, worn by centuries of storm and heat, are often very fantastic in their forms. I do not remember any spot in our path across the great desert whence several of these low mountain ranges cannot be seen. Deep fissures, also, occur in the desert; it is 'a land of deserts and of pits,' as well as 'a land of drought, and of the shadow of death; a land that no man passed through, and where no man dwelt.' Some of these pits are singularly formed, and are very extensive; they resemble a series of vast chalk pits. Others are simple crevasses, and form natural receptacles for water, of which they furnish a permanent and precious supply. In one extensive system of fissures, just on the edge of the desert plateau, we had a refreshing bath.

Separated from the great plateau by the Debbit-er-Ramleh is the grand tumultuous mountain system of Sinai, — the mountains of Tûr, as they are collectively called, Tûr being the Arabic word for mountain;

whence the adjective Towâra, as applied to the Arabs of the district. This is a high-land region of great magnificence and intricacy, rising to a maximum height of 9,300 feet. On the north-west, the mountains are limestone and sandstone; Mount Serbâl, and the mountains south of it are red and grey granite.

This ganglion of mountains again is surrounded by a coast margin of level gravelly ground, called El-Kâ'a, 'the plain,' except at the extreme southern point, where the mountain mass projects a tongue of granite into the sea; and on the east, where, towards 'Akabah, it terminates in cliffs overhanging the sea.

This cluster of mountains, of which Sinai is nearly the centre, is intersected by deep tortuous valleys, and by narrow and rugged passes. Its three principal peaks are Serbâl (6,759 feet) on the north-west; St. Katherine (8,705 feet) in the centre; and Um Shômer (9,300 feet) in the south-east. The Sinai mountains can scarcely be said to form a system. There are no regular ranges, as in the Alps, or in the Highlands of Scotland: all is intricate, tumultuous confusion, as if a vast molten explosion had suddenly congealed in the upper air. 'It is,' says Sir Frederick Henniker,* as if Arabia Petræa were an ocean of lava, which, whilst its waves were running mountains high, had suddenly stood still.

Unlike other mountainous countries, the district of Sinai is utterly barren and desolate. The Alps and the Highlands are clothed with pine forests, and their intersecting valleys are carpeted with greenest grass: but no tree grows upon the granite sides of Sinai; no verdure of any kind relieves their desolateness. A few odoriferous herbs, and here and there a stunted shrub, are found in their recesses; but neither tree nor grass, nor any green herb, appears to the eye: the valleys are simply torrent beds, wreathed with drifts of sand, and strewn with huge boulders, through which, for a few days in the year, the deluge of rain, falling upon the mountains, rushes with a depth and a force that are irresistible and almost incredible. The mountains are Alps without verdure; the valleys are rivers without water. There are but few of the springs that commonly abound in mountain regions, and give rise to great rivers. Hence the desolation of Sinai. In Wâdy Feirân, where there is a spring of water tolerably affluent, there is a luxuriant vegetation. But what the scenery of Sinai lacks in verdure is almost

* Quoted by Stanley, 'Sinai and Palestine,' p. 12.

compensated by the gorgeous colours of its mountains. It is almost impossible to conceive, and it is difficult to exaggerate, the magnificence and variety of colouring, in both the limestone and sandstone mountains of the north, and the granite mountains of the south. The sandstone deepens into the rich glowing red which gives its name to the similar formation of Edom; and where it is not a gorgeous green, the granite vies with it, and in the ever-changing light they present infinite varieties of tint and combination. The same effect is never produced twice. Nothing can be more magical than these effects of colouring. We shall often be constrained to speak of them in their local peculiarities. They far surpass the wondrous hues with which the setting sun suffuses the *Aiguille Rouge*, while the mystic shadows are climbing, and just before they enwrap the summit of the 'great white throne:' they are more gorgeous even than the marvellous 'after-glow' which we so often saw in Egypt.

The lack of geographical magnitude in the Peninsula of Sinai is more than compensated by its geographical position, and its unique associations. In the old world, its position was at the junction of the two great continents of civilization, and closely adjacent to the cradles of the world's chief religions. Indeed, each religion in its turn seems to have regarded Sinai as its holy place. There are reasons for thinking that before the time of Moses Serbäl was a shrine of Egyptian pilgrimage. To the Jew it was associated with the most awful and sacred events of his religious history. The footmark of Mahomet's camel upon Jebel Mousa is still pointed out, as a tradition of the prophet's association with it; while it has ever been a chief resort of Christian Eremites. And yet the moral influence of these traditions is so utterly lost, that, perhaps, no people upon the face of the earth are more destitute of all that constitutes a religion than the Towāra Arabs.

But although Sinai has always lain, and still lies, beside the gateway of nations, it has never been their path. No city has ever stood within its boundaries. No port has ever given commercial life to its shores. Migratory Bedouins, scattered hermits, and passing pilgrims have, from the days of the Amalekites, been its only inhabitants; the little ecclesiastical city of Paran being scarcely an exception, inasmuch as it was only, for a while, a larger aggregate of pilgrims and hermits.

The entire history of the Peninsula is restricted to the eighteen months during which the Israelites sojourned in it. It has formed no nation; it has had no government; it has witnessed no events that the historian might record. In all other countries that have won a record in the annals of the world there has been, first, a local history, generally springing out of legend and myth, and recording invasion, conflict, and conquest — one nation superseding or intermingling with another, until national character is formed and national history achieved. Not so with the Peninsula of Sinai: it has no aborigines; it is identified with no race; it has no autochthonous history; it owes all its renown to the transient passage through it of a foreign people, and the remarkable events that befel them therein. Before their advent, we know only, that it was possessed by the wandering descendants of Esau; and since their advent, we know only, that it is possessed by the wandering descendants of Ishmael. Its history is a great darkness, upon which only the light of the pillar of fire and of the lightnings of Sinai have broken in. But these were so vivid and Divine, that they have filled the world with their awful glory; and Sinai has become one of the world's most sacred places. With the Jew it divides religious reverence with Jerusalem — with the Mahomedan, with Mecca — with the Christian, with Bethlehem. There is, perhaps, no place that gathers so many various sanctities, that inspires so much reverent awe, the associations of which are so thrilling, the power of which is so subduing. In part, this probably arises from the fact that its sacred associations have been preserved so inviolate. Its desert barrenness, its mountain ruggedness, have restricted human habitation to the tent of the Bedouin or the cell of the hermit. It has thus been preserved sacred to the associations of the law-giving. In Jerusalem, the hurrying, irreverent foot of generations of crowded city life, interrupted only by the devastations of war and the solitude caused by exile, have almost obliterated the sacred footsteps of Him who once trod its ways. The *débris* of its ancient buildings lie twenty feet thick beneath its modern streets. Even Gethsemane has been desecrated into a trim and gravelled garden, with gaudy flowers in partitioned beds, and fancy palings around its venerable olives; the whole enclosed by a lofty wall, within which the cottage of the custodian is built, and at the doorway of which you pay for admission; — a place over which irreverent crowds

are irreverently shown. The loneliness that sustains hallowed association; the venerable antiquity that no modern touch profanes, that only hushed and trembling feet approach, are utterly wanting. The Mount of Olives, again, whose paths remain as when trod by

"Those blessed feet
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross,"

is the suburb of a great city, and is daily trodden by hundreds of thoughtless wayfarers. Not so the valleys and mountains of Sinai: rarely is it visited and the traveller conscious of other presence beside his own, save a few monks and servants of the convent, occasional pilgrims, whose reverence is attested by their arduous pilgrimage, and perchance a few Bedouins pasturing their flocks. The holy mount has ever been a desert solitude. It has suffered no effacing power of later events, or of a numerous population. Like a great cathedral in the heart of a city, it has stood sequestered from the world. Its awful peaks are solitary, solemn, and unchanged; they are as when the foot of Jehovah trod them, as when the lightnings of Jehovah enwrapped them, as when the awful trumpet reverberated from summit to summit, and the still more awful thunder made them tremble to their base. Cities change; mountains remain the same. It is, therefore, with a feeling of undisturbed and indescribable awe, that the pilgrim first beholds these solemn peaks, and climbs to their summit. It needs but little imagination to make him feel as if the Divine footstep were still upon them, as if the awful voice that the people could not 'hear any more' were latent in the atmosphere. And yet no solitary ruin remains to help the imagination of the traveller; no record save the mysterious inscriptions here and there upon the rocks — which only fanaticism can associate with the law-giving; no monument save the unchanged and silent face of nature, which, in every feature and with startling minuteness, testifies to the local truthfulness of the historian.

Such is the district traversed by the writer and his friends in March 1865. The preparations for our journey were made in Cairo, and occupied several days. First, a dragoman had to be chosen out of some six or seven, who gave us no peace until our choice was made. They beset our going out and our coming in; we passed them when we went to our bedrooms at night, and

found them at our doors when we rose in the morning. Our choice fell upon Hassan Ismael, a Nubian, from Assouân. He was about fifty years of age, and black as a coal; but with a shrewd, good-tempered face, which his character did not belie. He had been a dragoman for upwards of twenty years, and had accumulated considerable property. Although unable to read, he had given his two sons a good education in the school of the American mission, and had himself picked up a considerable amount of miscellaneous information from gentlemen with whom he had travelled. He was tolerably well acquainted with the history of Egypt, and with the general state of things in Europe. Although a Mussulman, he was liberal in his conceptions. He had a great reverence for Isa (Jesus), and even avowed his belief, which, he said, he had heard an Imaum avow from the pulpit, that, one day, Christianity would be the religion of the world. He was inquisitive after knowledge, sensible in judgment, and shrewd in observation. 'You cannot,' said he one day, 'expect all Arabs to be good; *angels is seldom.*'

Hassan had been strongly recommended to us; and his sensible, business-like way of negotiation predisposed us in his favour. 'Fight,' said he, 'for your bargain, and be good friends ever afterwards.' We had no cause to repent our choice. Hassan served us faithfully and honorably, and provided for us carefully and liberally. Fiery in temper, rapid and vehement in expression, he was also experienced and wise. He managed his Arabs admirably, and proved himself equal to every emergency. At the expiry of our sixty days' contract with him, we parted with, I believe, mutual esteem and regret.

Our contract with Hassan was duly executed at the English consulate. In consideration of a fixed sum *per diem*, he was to conduct us, as we might direct, from Cairo to Sinai, and through the great desert to Palestine and Syria. He was to provide everything necessary for the journey — camels, horses, tents, bedding, provisions, and servants. He was to pay all bakhshish, provide local guides where necessary, and whenever we chose to sleep in convents, or stay at hotels, where such were available, he was to pay the bill. Indeed, so far as the necessary expenses of travel were concerned, we needed no money until our contract expired.

Hassan's first concern was to covenant with a Sheikh of the Towâra Arabs, through whose district we were to pass. They oc-

cupy the peninsula of Sinai south of the Jebel Tih; and are said to number between five and six thousand. Sheikhs of the desert always hover about Cairo in the travelling season. Hassan, therefore, had no difficulty: he engaged Sheikh Taima, who undertook to provide twenty-one camels, with sufficient attendants, to take us to Sinai, and thence to Khan Nûkhl, — half-way between Sinai and Hebron, beyond which he had no power to take us. The contract is for so much each camel, *per diem*, the men being thrown into the bargain. Each Sheikh is the patriarchal head of his family. Taima's family consisted of about eighty persons, including sons and daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, nephews, nieces, grandchildren, &c. It is not always easy to ascertain the numbers of a family. 'How many children have you?' I asked of an Arab. 'Four, and two girls,' was the reply. Taima was between fifty and sixty years of age, — a simple, unsophisticated, faithful fellow, with a good-natured countenance, always cheerful, willing, and polite; full of solicitude for our safety and comfort, occasionally keeping watch all night round our tents. He was somewhat buckish, occasionally coming out in a sheep-skin, and sandals roughly made of the skin of a fish. He was a true gentleman, and, no doubt, could boast a pedigree beside which that of the Percys is but of yesterday. His salâam was very emphatic and graceful. His son Salama accompanied him, — a bright, laughing boy of fifteen or sixteen, with handsome features, a clear olive complexion, brilliant dark eyes, and a set of teeth that any dentist's door might envy. Taima had also an Abyssinian slave, named Abdallah, intensely black, the blackness being peculiarly lustrous, like velvet, or the bloom of a damson. His mouth was prodigious, and its tusk, disparted teeth unpleasantly suggestive of those of an alligator, of which, as he was in a perpetual grin, we had the full benefit. He was, indeed, the merriest of the party, although any of us might have purchased him for £15 or £20. He was, moreover, a very clever fellow; besides being the best shot of the party, he was an accomplished botanist, and generally well informed.

The camels belonged to different members of Taima's clan, and were accompanied by their owners, — ten genuine Bedouins, sons of the desert, scarcely civilized; all, however, courteous, some of them handsome, and with a natural grace of figure and movement that would not have discredited 'the first gentleman in Europe.'

It was an unfailling interest, out of the recesses of our tents, to watch their movements as they sat around their camp-fire, or stood and gesticulated in animated conversation.

The great weakness of the Arab is tobacco. We, generally, in the morning gave them a supply for the day: they were just like children, always on the look-out for what we might give them, — thankful even for a few crumbs of biscuit or fragments of orange. The difficulty about the supply of the Israelites in the desert is greatly diminished on seeing upon how little an Arab and his camel can live.

Taima did not always maintain his authority. His men would sometimes struggle with him very irreverently. Hassan, too, would settle a dispute by seizing the first huge stick that he could lay hands upon, and thrashing away right and left, — Taima coming in for a full share of the blows. This, indeed, is so much a matter of course, that it is resented no more than a sharp word is with us. Happily we never had occasion to use our sticks, although it was repeatedly urged upon us as the only way of managing Arabs. May not this Oriental readiness to administer blows be the special reason of the Apostle's injunction, so strange and superfluous to our Western notions, that 'a bishop should be no striker'?

The personal staff of Hassan consisted of a cook, — a dreamy, introspective man, with eyes like half-opened oysters, but a capital *artiste*; and of two servants to attend upon us, — 'Abishai, a Coptic Christian, who was graduating as a dragoman, and Ibrahim, who, Mahometan though he was, got to our canteen and made himself drunk, stole a pair of boots, and had to be ignominiously dismissed at Jerusalem.

We were thus wholly free from responsibility. Hassan was primarily responsible for both our lives and our property. If he failed in any part of his contract, he might be taken before the first pasha we reached: Taima was responsible to him; and through Taima, his whole tribe. If, through them, harm happened to any of us, he would be seized and imprisoned the first town he entered. If any article were lost, he must make it good or find the thief; the Sheikh alone is responsible for the members of his tribe. Thus, an English traveller to whom Hassan was dragoman the previous year, was robbed of his revolver at Shiloh, by a fellow who, in the same place, hung about us for some time. Complaint was made to the Pasha Nablûs, who immediately paid the trav-

eller the estimated value of his pistol, arrested the Sheikh of the village, and imprisoned him, until a fine which he levied upon the inhabitants was paid. It was for the Sheikh to discover and punish the individual offender. This is no doubt a rough kind of justice, but it is the only justice possible among the Bedouins. It has the merit of being very simple and very effective. In most parts of the desert a traveller is as safe from personal injury, and much more safe in his property, than in Cheapside. So far as we had experience of the Towāra Arabs, they are scrupulously honest. If any trifling article was dropped or left behind in the tents, it was invariably brought to us, generally before we had missed it. It is said, that if a camel laden with goods should fall in the desert, its owner may draw a circle round it, and leave it in perfect security, even for days, while he fetches another.

For the sake of such as may be curious about tent life in the desert, I may say that it is very enjoyable. An hour's rest for lunch, in the middle of the day, enabled the camels to reach the camping-ground before us, so that we commonly found our canvas city built. This consisted of two large tents for ourselves, and a third for Hassan and the servants. Culinary rites were performed in the open air by the side of the latter, at a portable stove sheltered from the wind, if there was any, by a bit of canvas. Three or four fowls — on Sundays a turkey — were generally being prepared for sacrifice when we arrived. The camels were permitted, for awhile, to roam in search of the prickly ghurkud. At dark they were picketed close by; their drivers sleeping between their legs. Our chief inconvenience arose from their inconceivable and incessant chattering, sometimes squabbling, which was often prolonged far into the night; and from the guttural grumbling of the camels. Of our twenty-one camels — our party being large — twelve or thirteen were baggage camels, carrying, besides our portmanteaus, almost all conceivable things; — coops of live poultry, casks of water, butchers' meat — always mutton; — cooking necessities, crockery, glasses, &c., — ingeniously packed in two large canteen chests; tents, bedsteads and bedding, camp-stools, and mental wash-basins — all spontaneously provided by Hassan. Nothing was wanting. Our tents were comfortably carpeted; small iron bedsteads, with new bedding, three in each tent, were, with our portmanteaus, arranged around the sides. One table for dinner was adjusted against the tent-pole; another for washing was ad-

justed outside the door of each tent. We were astonished to find our table laid with home neatness and comfort, — a white tablecloth and napkins, always scrupulously clean; glass, plate, salts, &c. The dinner generally consisted of five courses, viz., soup, mutton, fowls — on Sundays, turkey — fritters or puddings, mishmash or prunes, cheese, with a dessert of dried fruits, oranges, and preserves; the liquid accompaniment being bitter beer, sherry, and, when it was necessary to neutralize the active qualities of doubtful water, cognac. A fragrant cup of *café noir*, and, about an hour after, a delicious cup of tea — provision for which should always be made in England — followed by a *tehibouk*, crowned the whole. Indeed, Hassan's care and experience omitted nothing. The only defect of our *cuisine* was its necessary monotony, mutton and fowls alternating with fowls and mutton. On the whole, the fare of the desert was not to be complained of — it was far in advance of manna and quails.

Reading, journal-writing, or flower-pressing occupied us until about ten o'clock, and then to bed; taking care to tuck in warmly, for nights in the desert are cold, often intensely so. By five in the morning we are shivering at our tent-door, under an *al fresco* sponge, making the most of a regulation supply of water. Then breakfast — coffee or tea, with three or four hot dishes of some kind or other, eggs, and jam or marmalade; by seven, or half-past, our city of the desert has disappeared, and we are patiently doing our two and a half miles an hour. About twelve o'clock we lunch, either upon the burning sand under our umbrellas, or, if we can find one, 'under the shadow of a great rock;' — cold meat, hard-boiled eggs, bread, biscuit and cheese, an orange each, and a few dates or figs; water limited, and often doubtful, — a curious leathery concoction, out of a kind of leathern boot, called a 'zemzeria,' — generally, therefore, adulterated with a little brandy; only a desert traveller can appreciate the blessing of pure water.

Travellers to Sinai commonly cross in boats from Suez to the 'Ayūn Mousa,' a distance of six or seven miles; the camels being sent round by the head of the gulf. We determined to accompany our camels, that we might get a better conception of the formation of the gulf: this was a day's journey of about seven hours. We left our hotel, however, on the preceding evening, that we might inaugurate the tent life of the next sixty days by an experimental encampment a mile or two in the desert. It

was a new and a strange sensation, when the early sunset permitted the night rapidly and silently to gather round us, and when the silvery light of the young moon had dimly lit up the solitary scene, and when, after infinite bustle and chattering on the part of the Arabs, our tent lights were extinguished. So truly and utterly was it desert; Suez might have been a hundred miles away. Our sense of solitude was disturbed only by another encampment of travellers at a short distance from us. I walked a little way from the tents. The Jebel 'Atakah was dimly seen in the distance; the undulating waves of the desert rolled away on every side. In this sky the fiery pillar shone — these sands reflected it — these mountains were lit up by it. Over this ground the terrified Israelites crowded onwards, as they discovered the pursuing Egyptians in the distance. Over this ground the vengeful chariots and horsemen of Pharaoh eagerly rushed, until arrested by the mysterious pillar of cloud. Now these look like common spots and things: they give no sign, they bear no impress of the stupendous miracle; and yet they saw it. One feels as if one fain would question them, or find some memorial inscribed upon them; but they are silent as the sphinx, barren as the commonest part of the earth's surface. The night was intensely cold, although we lunched the next day with the thermometer at 110° under the shade of our umbrellas; even when all our wraps were utilized, we could scarcely obtain adequate warmth. Our Arabs slept comfortably enough among the legs of their camels; neither the drenching dew nor the piercing cold, apparently, affecting these children of the sun. The novelty of our circumstances, and the excitement of so many strange thoughts, rendered sleep impossible.

Our experience of camel-riding was new, and I dare say we were awkward enough. It is very monotonous, but otherwise not very disagreeable; the slow swinging motion being soothing rather than otherwise: relief is obtained by the various postures possible to the rider, who may sit in every conceivable way upon the platform which his wraps make, upon the singular frame of a camel's saddle; progress is very slow, averaging two and a half miles an hour.

I am not enamoured of the camel. It is doubtless one of the most useful of animals; but it is one of the most uninteresting and repulsive, — its odour is not pleasant, — it does not keep clean teeth, — its lustreless eye and heavy eyelid are expressive of

stupidity rather than of sagacity, — its pyramidal lip either hangs down in sullenness or is uplifted in menacing anger; the ignoble dissatisfied motion of its ungainly head, its unintelligent melancholy face, the dull obstinacy of its disposition, deprive it of all claims to be a favourite among domesticated animals. It is, among them, a dull plodding slave. The interest that we Occidentals feel in it is that which as post-diluvians we feel in a megatherium: it is the type of another world than ours, — the world of the sun, of primeval antiquity, of romance. It has but little of the patience ordinarily attributed to it. It is stupid rather than patient. It manifests no appreciation of kindness; it has no home affections; it is dissatisfied, cantankerous, repulsive. Its only manifestations of sagacity are discontent when it is loaded, and obstinate refusal to go further when it thinks it has gone far enough. As compared with the quick sensibilities, the intelligent attachment, and the agile beauty of the horse, it is not to be named, even in the estimation of the Arab. It is the pariah of the brute world — fit only to carry burdens and eat ghurkud, and to pace the arid desert at the speed of two and a half miles an hour.

At length we were fairly started, and soon reached the banks of the ancient canal, upon one of which we had to travel northwards for a mile or two, in order to find a passage across the salt marsh which they inclosed. Salt is collected here in considerable quantities. We then crossed the imaginary line which divides Europe from Asia, with the feeling that we had left behind us all the Christianity of the West; a civilization too that was older than Greece, or Rome, or Nineveh; and that we were now in the early footsteps of a dispensation that preceded Christ. Then, turning southwards, we fell into one of the great highways of the desert — the caravan route from Cairo to Tûr, marked by from twenty to twenty-five parallel camel tracks, stretching away, like the lines of a railway, over the undulating desert, when not obliterated by sand-storms. Even were there no such tracks, bleached skeletons of camels occur often enough to suffice for waymarks. We observed here some fine effects of mirage. Suez suddenly assumed the appearance of a vast fortified town, with castellated walls and frowning bastions, having ships in its harbours and roads. Frequently, in after days, like fantastic tricks were played with our deluded vision; blue lakes and shady groves were its most frequent illusions. We began, after a while, to realize the weary

monotony of an ever-receding horizon, disappointing our hope of our resting-place, or of some 'shadow of a great rock' that might be a brief protection from the vertical torrent of the sun's fierce rays: but the crown of one swelling eminence only brought into view another; it was unchanging, continuous, endless desert, more vividly impressive, more physically distressing, than on any subsequent day. At length we saw a distant speck of verdure, and after a little while joyfully encamped near the Ayûn Mousa—the Rosherville of Suez. There, about two miles from the sea, are nine brackish fountains, most of them mere holes in the sand; one, however, is a regularly built fountain of ancient masonry. The Arab tradition is, that the Israelites here wanting water, Moses furnished them with a supply by striking the ground with his rod. These wells give life to a little bit of the barren waste, which breaks out in a few palm, and pomegranate, and tamarisk trees, with an undergrowth of shrubs, and vegetables, and flowers. The bud of a monthly rose was offered me as the choicest production of the gardens; it had a pleasant association of home. The whole is contained in two or three enclosures or gardens, in which are rude huts for their keepers. Higher picnic parties come from Suez and Cairo. His Excellency Sir Henry Bulwer had been there but two or three days before.

We were now beyond all doubt on the track of the Israelites. Here, probably, where the shore forms a gentle bay, the desert sons of Ishmael were startled by the strange advent of the descendants of Isaac, and by their exultant song of triumph awakening echoes never awakened before—even those that slumbered in the distant sides of Er-Râhah. Here, probably, for days and weeks, strange spoil would be gathered upon the shell-strewn shore. Near the Ayûn Mousa we kept our first desert Sabbath,—a grateful rest, and a tent service, in which, while our friends at home were gathering around the Lord's table, we held holy communion with them. We sang the hymn, 'Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah,' then strolled along the beach and sat upon the rocks for an hour or two, quietly musing amid these scenes of strange experience and wondrous association. Again the almost sudden darkness fell. It was the Sabbath evening; and, in the translucent atmosphere, the moon and stars seemed to hang down like lamps from the lofty roof of God's great temple; clearly defined as if seen through a telescope, they

shone with a brilliancy of which, before visiting the East, we had scarcely conceived.

For two days we traversed the desert of Shur,—the border strip between the mountains and the sea. Passing Ain Howârah and the Wâdy Ghûrûndel—the Marah and Elin of the Exodus—on the third day we entered the highland district of Sinai by a narrow gorge formed by spurs from the Jebel Râhah meeting the Jebel Hûmmâm. Turning suddenly to the right, we descended the valley Tayibeh, or 'the bewildering,' to the sea. This is a perfect labyrinth of grotesque and towering mountain forms—gloomy, desolate, and magnificent, as if scorched and twisted in some great conflagration, which had left upon them the marks of its blended smoke and flame; wonderful amphitheatres, terraces, pyramids, fortifications, castles, columns, quarries, indeed almost every conceivable form and freak of nature, presented themselves in most rapid succession, each at the moment photographing itself upon the memory,—a picture to be distinctly reproduced, when, even in old age, these glorious days of travel are recalled; and yet so intruding upon and effacing each other, that they leave but a confused recollection of a grand pageant of nature. Beneath our feet, ploughed up into channels, heaved into sandbanks, and strewn with huge boulders, bearing everywhere the marks of terrific winter torrents, was a glittering surface of whitish mud baked by the sun, so as to be impervious to the foot of the camel; and reflecting a glare and a heat that were almost intolerable, even when our eyes were protected by coloured spectacles, and we were elevated upon the backs of our camels. Above our heads was a cloudless translucent sky of the deepest purest blue, 'as the body of heaven in its clearness.'

At the foot of this pass is 'the encampment by the sea' where, the provisions brought from Egypt being exhausted, manna and quails were first given to the Israelites.

Then across the rocky headland of Zalimah and the plain of Mârkah, until we re-enter the mountains by the rocky gorge of the Wâdy Shellâl, 'the valley of cataracts,' which after two hours terminates in a fine amphitheatre, over the ridge of which—the 'Nûkb-el-Bûdrah,' 'the pass of the sword's point'—the path lies. A rugged camel track made by Major Macdonald makes somewhat easier, what, for thirty centuries, must have been an arduous scramble up a precipitous bank of *débris*.

We felt the greatest difficulty in conceiv-

ing of a mixed host, like that of the Israelites, crossing such a pass as this. It is more probable that they entered the Wādy Feirān by another and much easier route. Dean Stanley suggests two alternatives — 'They may have gone, according to the route of the older travellers, — Shaw, Pococke, and the Prefect of the Franciscan Convent, to Tūr, and thence by the Wādy Hebrān and the Nūkb Hāwy to Jebel Mousa; or they may have gone according to the route of all recent travellers, by the Wādy Shellāl, the Nūkb Būdrah, and the Wādys Mokatteb, Feirān, and Es-Sheikh, to the same point. The former route is improbable, both because of its detour, and also because the Wādy Hebrān is said to be, and the Nūkb Hāwy certainly is, as difficult, if not more difficult, than any pass on the route of the Wādy Feirān.*

On this it may be remarked — First, that the route by the Wādy Hebrān would not necessarily involve the difficult pass of the Nūkb Hāwy: the people might still have gone round by the Wādy Es-Sheikh. And next, that another alternative is possible. From their encampment at Mūrkah they may have proceeded along the shore until they came to a valley leading into the Wādy Feirān at its junction with the Wādy Mokatteb, thus avoiding the difficult pass of Būdrah. This was not our route, but we were informed by the Rev. W. Gell, who had just examined it, that it was broad and easy, offering no impediments whatever to the passage of a great multitude. On this supposition, there would be no physical difficulty in the entire route from Suez to Sinai, except the rocky headland of Zalimah, which no one would affirm to be either insuperable or serious.

There was but a slight descent from the top of the pass of Būdrah, but the region was a strange one; utterly stern and desolate, it had neither vegetation nor sign of human presence; it was a defile of calcined rocks and huge boulders, burnt and contracted like scoria, with grey molten heaps as of boiling mud, as if it were the *débris* of a cyclopean iron foundry, or the huge crater of an extinct volcano. The very surface of the ground seemed cindery, as if from subterranean fires. It was a scene of vast and utter desolation, such as the plain of Sodom may have been before the Dead Sea covered the charred ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah. In the larger mountains, the dip and colouring of some of the strata were very remarkable; it was as if huge masses had been ex-

ploded upwards, forming peaks and crags of the most daring forms, — ribbed, black, grey, and red, and of almost perpendicular strata. We felt it a relief from its stifling, oven-like heat when, after a weary search, we found the shadow of a rock under which we might rest.

We then descended rapidly. Our direct route lay through the Wādy Mokatteb; but we wished to visit the Wādy Mezārah, or 'Valley of the Cave,' which, through a sublime gorge, opens out on the left.

For nearly twenty years Major Macdonald has resided in this valley, working its famous turquoise mines. Its magnificent sandstone peaks rise to a great height on either hand. Among these we wound for about half an hour before we reached Major Macdonald's hermitage. Bright cultured vegetation, and cattle feeding thereon, gladdened our eyes; for by artificial irrigation, especially by the construction of ample cisterns, Major Macdonald, on a small scale, has demonstrated how 'the wilderness might be turned into a fruitful field.'

Some of his people had announced to him the approach of travellers; and, in old patriarchal fashion, he had begun to make hospitable preparations for our reception by killing, not 'a kid of the goats,' but a young capricorn, that he might regale us with mountain venison. He came a little way to meet us, and received us very heartily. His dwelling is a kind of rough highland shieling, a Robinson Crusoe structure, two sides of the apartment in which we dined being formed by the bare rock; thick rough walls constituted the other two, through which small apertures admitted the dim light. Various trunks and boxes containing stores were arranged round the room. The rest of the establishment consisted of a kitchen, and a couple of tents for the accommodation of passing travellers, a little garden, kennels for dogs and pens for goats. All supplies have to be fetched from Suez, four days distant, where also is the nearest post-office. Major Macdonald's Sheikh was just starting with the letter bag, of which we were glad to avail ourselves. The Major was just recovering from a fever, in which he had been his own doctor, and during which he must have been very lonesome indeed. No wonder that a fit of nostalgia had come upon him, and that he avowed his intention of returning to England. He has acquired great influence over the Arabs, and has secured their warm attachment. He has no civilized neighbours, yet is he a highly educated, intelligent, and most hospitable British gentleman.

* 'Sinai and Palestine,' p. 38.

Laborde is the first traveller whose visit to the Wady Megârah is recorded. He and almost all travellers speak of its copper mines. Mr. Bonar goes so far as to say that he picked up here some specimens of copper ore. Major Macdonald distinctly affirms that, although copper may be found in the peninsula, — and indications of old copper mines are found near Sûrâbit-el-Khârdim — there is none in the Wady Megârah. The mines produce only turquoise, and are now, according to Major Macdonald, the only turquoise mines, that are wrought, in the world.

Some of the excavations from which the Wady derives its name are very extensive, and very ancient. Among the specimens of turquoise which Major Macdonald showed us, was one, polished, as large as a pigeon's egg — which, had the colour been good, would have been among turquoises what the Koh-i-noor is among diamonds.

Unable, from the effects of his illness, to accompany us himself, Major Macdonald kindly sent his cavass to show us the inscriptions near the mines, said to be antecedent to the time of Moses. We clambered a considerable height up the side of the northern mountain, until we came to the entrance of the principal cavern, which some of our party explored. It is a vast excavation, the roof of which is supported by a series of pillars. The chief inscriptions are near the entrance of this cavern: they consist of hieroglyphics, monograms and sentences, — some in Cufic, some in Greek characters, and of roughly drawn figures and cartoons, apparently relating to mining operations; most of which have been copied and published in Europe. Mr. Bartlett gives drawings and descriptions of three of the principal. According to Lepsius, the hieroglyphics belong to the period of the earliest Egyptian monuments, and represent the triumphs of Pharaoh over his enemies. One of the cartouches is said to be that of Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid, 200 years before Abraham.

One reason assigned by Major Macdonald, why the Israelites were not likely to have come by the Nûkb Bûdrah, seemed to have in it some force — viz., that a strong Egyptian guard was always stationed near the mines. Moses, who was minutely familiar with the district, would hardly, therefore, have exposed the Israelites to their possible attack. This reasoning would have almost equal force, applied to the route from the sea to the entrance of the Wady Feirân, above suggested.

Resisting Major Macdonald's hospitable

importunities to remain the night, we started by moonlight for our encampment in the Wady Mokatteb, two hours distant. The ride was very grand, almost solemn in its natural magnificence, its dim solitude, and its manifold associations; its excitement being heightened by just a *souppon* of peril from marauding Arabs, of whose camp-fires we occasionally got a glimpse. We reached our encampment in safety, however, where we found our servants wondering what had become of us.

In the morning we retraced our steps some way in order to examine the inscriptions which we had passed without recognition in the dim moonlight. The Wady Mokatteb, or 'Written Valley,' is the chief locality of the Sinaitic inscriptions; they occur in great numbers on the sandstone cliffs, and at no great height. The sides of the valley are low, broken, and irregular, having a background of granite peaks. Many of the cliffs have fallen, and the inscriptions are found upon their fragments. In some parts of the valley, the rocks are thickly covered with them; in others, they occur more scantily. The number of the whole is not so great as we had anticipated. Lord Lindsay and Dr. Robinson speak of 'thousands;' Lepsius of 'immense numbers.' Dean Stanley says that they exist 'at the most by hundreds or fifties.' Our observations confirm the lower estimate. They are almost all written upon the surface of the soft sandstone: very few are found upon the harder granite, and these are but slightly scratched.

These remarkable inscriptions are found in various parts of the Sinaitic peninsula, chiefly about Mount Serbâl, and extend eastwards as far as Petra; they are found on Serbâl itself, but not on Jebel Mousa. They were first mentioned by Cosmas Indicopleustes, who visited Sinai in A. D. 518, who speaks of them as being then ancient. Pococke gave specimens of them. Niebuhr visited the peninsula for the special purpose of examining them, but by the mistake of his guide was taken to Sûrâbit-el-Khârdim. Subsequent travellers have copied and published the principal of them, especially Burekhardt in 1816, Gray in 1820, and Lepsius in 1845. They consist of inscriptions in the Sinaitic character, with some few in Arabic, Greek, and Latin; rude drawings of animals of all kinds, chiefly asses, horses, dogs, and ibexes, many of them in such grotesque forms as to render it impossible that they could have had any serious meaning; crosses of all kinds, chiefly + and



standing usually at the beginning of

inscriptions. Scarcely any of them require either ladder or scaffolding of any kind; the highest might have been written, as Dean Stanley suggests, by one man standing upon the shoulders of another.

Various theories of their origin and character have been propounded. Cosmas and his fellow-travellers affirmed that they were Hebrew in character and origin. Professor Beer thought them the passing records of Christian pilgrims — this is also the opinion of Lepsius. Professor Tuch thinks them the work of Pagans, either pilgrims or residents. Ritter connects them with the idolatrous worship of the Amalekites. Mr. Forster has labored very hard to prove them contemporary records of the Israelites. Dean Stanley, mainly from the occurrence of the numerous crosses, can hardly imagine a doubt that they are the work for the most part of Christians, whether travellers or pilgrims.* Chevalier Bunsen thinks that they are of mixed origin, — Pagan, Jewish, and Christian, — which is probably nearest the truth. In 1839, Dr. Beer of Leipsic constructed an alphabet for the interpretation of the Sinaitic character, which is given by Bunsen in his *Table of Semitic Alphabets*,* and with such success that Professor Tuch could not alter a single letter. He tested the inscriptions on the assumption that the alphabet would resemble the Phœnician, and that the language would be a dialect of the Arabic; and everywhere he found good Arabic, and good sense. After his death, Professor Tuch applied it to above two hundred additional inscriptions, and with equal success. The results of their investigation are — that the dialect is Arabic, with some peculiarities of form; that the inscriptions are Pagan, with some Christian intermixed; that they are the work of pilgrims, and consist chiefly of the greetings and names of travellers.

Leaving the Wādī Mokatteb, we entered the Wādī Feirān just where it opens westward to the sea. At this point we again struck the route of the Israelites. The entrance to the Wādī Feirān is guarded by a singular sandstone cliff, shaped like a huge fortification, round the eastern side of which we wound. The valley is the most fertile, and next to the Wādī Sheikh the most extensive, in the peninsula; we were about eight hours in traversing the first section of it. Like all the larger valleys of Sinai, it is very picturesque and grand. The section of it north of Parān is utterly sterile and desolate:

* *Philosophy of History*, vol. i., p. 255.

dark mountains, on either side, of splintered granite and gneiss, deeply veined with porphyry, as if some Plutonic caldron had boiled over; and so linking the valley as to form long reaches, or inland lakes, — of course waterless, stern, torrid, and impressive in their molten sublimity. Unlike other mountainous countries, the bottoms of the Sinaitic valleys are flat, forming an angle with the sides, like that of water: they are alluvial deposits; that of the Wādī Feirān is roughly corrugated by fierce torrents, and occasionally dotted with boulders. Our ride through the endless twistings of this waterless river was hot and wearying, almost distressing: the sun poured down his perpendicular streams of fire, fiercely radiated from the iron granite of the mountains, and the glassy sand of the valley; every breath of cooling breeze was inexorably shut out. The water in our zemzemas was of a very doubtful character, but this did not prevent our having frequent recourse to them.

Here, if Feirān be Rephidim, the poor panting Israelites might well murmur for water: our realization of their distress was very vivid. It is no presumption against this identification that, four or five hours farther on in the valley, abundant water flows through luxuriant groves of palm-trees.

We looked out very eagerly for the palm groves of Feirān. Our hope was long deferred, as one after another only the monotonous links of the huge granite chain presented themselves. At length we came in sight of the little village of Huseiyeh, to which some of our Arabs belonged. The people greeted us kindly, and gave us handfuls of the Liliputian apples of the Nūbk tree, which, to our parched and thirsty palates, were very grateful. The 'black tents of Kedar' now dotted the sides of the valley; we had exchanged the solitude and sterility of the desert for the fertile habitations of men. Half an hour later we reached our encampment at the entrance of the palm grove of Feirān: this extends two or three miles up the valley, and consists of an extensive plantation of three or four thousand palm trees, together with tamarisks, acacias, and other shrubs. It is the 'Bedouin Paradise.' No wonder that the old Amalekites tried to defend it. Its fertility is caused by a stream of water, some three or four feet broad, which flows from a perennial spring at the upper end of the valley, and after traversing the entire length of the grove is lost in a cleft of the rock a short distance below Huseiyeh.

After some days' experience of the desert, where a muddy sandpool and the stunted ghurkud were unusual luxuries, the verdant grass beneath our feet, the thick shrubbery of tamarisk and broom around our tents, the feathery palm gracefully waving some fifty or sixty feet above our heads, and, above all, the gentle music of the bubbling brook at our tent door, grateful as the voice of home, were very delicious. Life was everywhere luxuriant and beautiful. Amid her countless nooks and varieties of beauty, the earth has none perhaps more fascinating and fanciful than this. It is a wilderness of tropical fertility, sequestered by rich and lofty mountains of granite; a Happy Valley, where Rasselas might have hoped for unsophisticated and virtuous dwellers, hardly to be found, however, in the squalid huts and semi-savagery of the Bedouins. To us, it was a place of delicious repose, long and pleasantly to be remembered.

Two other parties of travellers were already encamped in the palm grove. The flickering light of the camp-fires reflected from Oriental foliage, with groups of Arabs and camels reposing round them, and thrown into strong relief; the bright moon calmly shining above; the gurgling brook serenading us with its home music; the grand ranges of mountain on either side, crowned on the western side by the awful domes of Serbâl, which almost overhang the valley, made the scene one of the most impressive and memorable of our journey. Nor were we without Arab music. The minstrel of the grove serenaded us with a most melancholy love ditty, sung to the accompaniment of a still more melancholy violin, of the rudest and most primitive construction.

We did not get much sleep, one noise or another disturbing us all the night. Notwithstanding this, before the morning, a hyena from Mount Serbâl made free with the foal of a camel three days old, the bereaved mother of which carried me the next day.

At this junction of the sterile and fertile parts of the valley, there are two lateral valleys opening out of it like the transepts of a cathedral, each forming a *cul-de-sac*: that to the west, the Wâdy 'Aleiyat, is a wild picturesque glen, two or three miles in length, blocked up by the vast mass of Serbâl; it is utterly sterile, and is little more than the rugged bed of mountain torrents. That to the east is shorter; it is simply a deep amphitheatre of mountains, a bellying out of the side of the valley. By

the conjunction of these four valleys, an extensive plain is formed, in the centre of which there is a low broken hill, some sixty or seventy feet in height, called the hill Hêrêrât. Upon this hill, according to the tradition, Moses stood while the battle of Rephidim raged around it. Certainly no place could more perfectly correspond to the circumstances of the history. The Amalekites would naturally wish to defend their fertile vale against the invasion of a host like that of Israel. Concealing themselves, therefore, as they easily might, in the sides of the mountains, and behind the hill Hêrêrât, they permitted the Israelites to advance to the centre of the plain, and then, bursting forth from their ambush, attacked them both in front and rear. In this way Moses would be able to ascend the 'little hill,' as in the original it is emphatically called (הַרְרֵרֶת), and thus he would command the entire field of battle. Here then we may picture to ourselves the wondrous rod uplifted, — bâton serving as a standard to Joshua's army, and also a mute appeal to the God of battles; as the arms of the venerable law-giver grow weary, they are upheld by Aaron and Hur, and at length are supported by two stones for pillows. And from morning till evening, according to the firmness of the uplifted rod, the impetuous tide of battle swayed, swelling and breaking, and angrily dashing against the rocky pedestal upon which the sublime figure of Moses stood. After the victory the same rocky eminence would doubtless be an altar in the midst of this grand temple of nature, upon which sacrifices of thanksgiving would be offered in sight of all the people. It is now covered with the ruins of the ancient church and episcopal palace of Feirân, while round its base are ruins of the old ecclesiastical city, — houses, chapels, and tombs. The mountains all round are honeycombed to the very summit with hermits' cells, and tombs.

P and F being cognate and interchangeable letters, Feirân and Parân are identical words. Feirân is the Phara of Ptolemy, from which in his day the entire district was called the Pharanitic Peninsula. It is most probably also the Parân of Scripture history and poetry, the El Parân to which Chedorlaomer and his allies chased 'the Horites of Mount Seir,' the 'Mount Parân' from which 'the Holy One came.' In this place Christian altars were once erected, and Christian worship was offered. These mountain echoes, that once reiterated the terrible sounds of battle, also responded to the voice of Christian song. These dark

and comfortless cells were once filled with living men, and witnessed all the strange tragedy of anchorite life,—the struggle of human passion, the fervour of wrestling prayer, the unutterable desolateness of human solitariness, the weary weakness of sickness, the dark solitude of death. These hoary walls once felt the touch of human hands, and were sanctified by the holy worship of human hearts. Here lived Theodosius, the Monothelite Bishop of Feirân, who was excommunicated for his heresy. Here, too, the Tyrians once traded: so that all the interests of human life, all the play of human passion, were once vital here. Now all is solitary and desolate; a few Bedouins wander about the place by day, the jackal and the hyæna roam over it at night.

Mount Serbâl is seen from Feirân in all its magnificence. It rises from its base in five great sections, blended together like the clustered columns of a cathedral: some one has happily compared it to a cluster of inverted stalactites, distinguished, but not parted, by deep ravines. The ascent is commonly made from Feirân; it is arduous, but not otherwise difficult. It occupies about four hours. Dean Stanley describes the view from the summit as very magnificent.

A most interesting and important question respects the identity of Serbâl with the mountain of the law-giving. This is very strenuously and elaborately maintained by Lepsius, Mr. Bartlett, Dr. Stewart, and others. Burckhardt, Dean Stanley, Dr. Wilson, and most modern travellers, more successfully contend for the modern Sinai. The Jewish traditions are in favor of Sinai, and we can hardly conceive of these as doubtful. The early Christian traditions of the time of Eusebius and Jerome down to Justinian are in favour of Serbâl. On the other hand, the church of Justinian was built at the foot of Jebel Mousa with the concurrence of the whole Christian world. Even the monks of Serbâl never thought of disputing the claims of Sinai; and these have been admitted by almost all later writers. The inscriptions which are found upon Serbâl, even to its summit, are adduced in its favour; but there is no proof that these are Israelitish in their origin: their strange character is presumption to the contrary. It is, moreover, almost impossible to conceive of the Israelites gravely any inscription upon the holy and awful mount of God; besides, there are inscriptions almost all over the peninsula. Josephus (Ant. iii. c. 5, § 1) speaks

of Sinai as 'the highest of all the mountains that are in that country;' but this is quite in accordance with his exaggerating habit: it is more applicable to Jebel Mousa than it is to Serbâl, but is literally true of neither. Importance has been attached to the fact that the episcopal city of Parân existed prior to the time of Justinian; but this proves, not that Serbâl was Sinai, but only that the Wâdy Feirân was the most fertile spot in the neighbourhood of Sinai. Serbâl was undoubtedly a sacred mountain, and a place of religious pilgrimage, even prior to the Exodus. Its name points to the worship of the Phœnician Baal.

Further, it is clear from the narrative of Scripture, and is also implied by Josephus, that Rephidim was some distance from Sinai,—certainly one day's march, probably more. Feirân is as near to Serbâl as the people could come, while it is at the least sixteen or eighteen hours distant from the modern Horeb. It is further urged that the plain Er Râhah, at the foot of Horeb, and the Wâdys round the modern Sinai, are destitute of vegetation, and of the means of supporting a great multitude; and that Moses, who intimately knew the whole district, would naturally select for the place of their prolonged encampment the Wâdy Feirân, which abounds in luxuriant vegetation. To this it may be replied, that while Sinai is not so fertile as Feirân, it is by no means without vegetation and water; that after the victory at Rephidim, the resources of Feirân would be available for the people encamped on Er Râhah, and that, in all his movements, Moses was manifestly under the explicit guidance of Jehovah, and was not left to the simple dictates of his own unassisted judgment. If the history be true at all, the question can hardly be argued on the ground of mere natural probabilities. We are necessarily restricted to such intimations as are furnished by the sacred narrative. The place of the law-giving would doubtless be determined by a comparison of various considerations.

It is conclusive against the claim of Serbâl, that there is no open space near its base where a host like that of Israel could encamp before the mount, and whence its summit could be seen. From the palm grove of Feirân, the nearest possible camping-place, the actual base of the mountain cannot be seen at all. A turn of the Wâdy 'Aleiyat at its entrance completely intercepts it, and, according to Dr. Stewart, it is five miles distant. The Wâdy 'Aleiyat itself is a narrow ravine, little more than

a rocky watercourse; it affords no convenience for the encampment of a multitude of people, and no possibility of their retiring afar off, according to the narrative, and at the same time maintaining their connection with the mountain. On the other hand, all the required conditions are fulfilled at Sinai with almost startling exactness.

Our way now lay up the Wādī Feirān, and through the entire length of the palm grove, which extends for about three miles, the regal palm gradually giving place to the tamarisk and to the broom.

This fairy grove was thickly peopled with the rude huts and the tents of the Bedouins, their flocks herding near them, and their children — innocent of even a palm leaf, and brown as a chestnut, half curious, half fearful — venturing to the side of the path, or hiding behind the foliage, to get a furtive glimpse of our white faces and wide-awakes, as we passed. We were the strange objects there. The valley is richer as we ascend. A considerable accumulation of soil is fertilized by the living stream that runs through it; and even corn is grown in it; but lower down, around Parān, the conflicting torrents are too violent to permit such accumulation, — all *débris* from the mountains is entirely swept away. Dr. Lepsius speaks of the traces of an ancient lake in the higher part of the valley: these we did not see; but if his observation be accurate, it is important, as indicating the former fertility of it. Lakes in similar positions are frequent enough in Switzerland, and in the mountain districts of Wales and Yorkshire.

At the head of the Wādī Feirān the valley is divided into two branches. The one bending to the east is the Wādī Es-Sheikh, the most extensive of the valleys of Sinai. From the head of the Wādī Feirān, forming nearly a semicircle, it leads by a broad and easy way to the very foot of Horeb: this, doubtless, would be the route taken by the host of Israel. The valley bending to the west is the Wādī Solāf; it is a continuation of the same sweep, but is less circular than the Wādī Sheikh; bending round more abruptly, it forms, as it were, the flat side of a circle, which it would complete by opening into the Wādī Sheikh near its termination at Horeb, did it not cease by running up into a kind of mountain ravine. The two valleys thus form a kind of irregular circle or ellipse, enclosing a plateau of low hills.

Leaving the Wādī Feirān, we turned a little way down the Wādī Sheikh, and then turning suddenly to the right struck

across the rocky plateau, in a direct line to Horeb. We had thus to cross, first the Wādī Solāf on the other side of the plateau, and then a grand range of mountains on the farther side of it, which stands like a vast cathedral screen before the inner sanctuary of Sinai. From the plateau this outer range of mountains is seen to great advantage, and over the lower parts of it glimpses of the summits of the inner mountains are obtained, among them of that of Jebel Mousa. On the right we had very fine distant views of the crown of Serbāl, always grand and imposing, from whatever point it is seen.

The vegetation of the Wādī Feirān had given place to the rough sterile desert surface with which we had become familiar. The descent from the plateau into the desolate bed of the Wādī Solāf was rough and steep; the valley itself seemed a region of slimepits and limekilns. It contains numerous graves, more numerous than are easily accounted for in such a place. Dr. Stewart* says that he saw here traces of a ruined town, of which this may have been the necropolis.

The pass across this mountain breastwork of Sinai is the Nūkb Hāwī, or 'Windsaddle,' the most arduous and most magnificent in the peninsula. A rough camel track has been made among the huge boulders and *débris* of fallen granite, probably by the monks, to facilitate communication between Sinai and Feirān. If, as some suppose, this was the directer route to Sinai, taken by Moses and the elders, their way must have been rough indeed. Doubtless Moses had been long familiar with it.

We were about three hours in crossing, our camels laboriously following us. In some respects it is the grandest mountain pass that I have seen. It has no single spot of overpowering sublimity like some of the passes of the Alps, but it has a sustained magnificence of its own, for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. The path skirts no fathomless abyss, the traveller hangs over no toppling precipices; throughout, his way lies along the saddle of the mountain, and on a level with what in the rainy season must be a terrific torrent, but which now, owing to the long drought, is but a trickling and intermittent stream. The sublimity is above rather than below: wonderful granite peaks, rent, rugged and time-worn; piled-up granite masses, disintegrated, perilously balanced, and grotesque beyond all description, rise a thousand feet on either side, sometimes overhanging

* 'The Tent and the Khan,' p. 121.

and threatening an imminent repetition of the stony avalanche which has filled the bed of the stream with Titanic boulders and inextricable *débris*. Among these the pathway winds and climbs as best it can. Here and there a stunted palm tree, or a diminutive acacia, relieves the stony desolateness. An occasional spring refreshes the hot and weary traveller, and preserves the little rill from annihilation. A new plant or flower, or a curious fossil may occasionally be picked up, and a few mysterious inscriptions may be seen. Throughout its length of six or seven miles it is a scene of vast and wild desolation, utterly inconceivable by those who have not seen it, utterly indescribable by those who have.

A short distance beyond the summit of the pass the peaks of Sinai rise into view. We had long been looking for them, with an intensity of feeling that imposed silence upon us all, and that deepened into awe, when we really saw the mountain that God had touched, and from which He had spoken. Photographs had made me acquainted with the face of Horeb, and I at once recognized its pillared peaks with an almost startling familiarity.

We descended from Nûk Hâwy upon a large plain, which gradually opened before us. It is about two miles in length, and three quarters of a mile in average width. It is grandly framed in lofty mountains; the range which we had just crossed formed its northern end, receding a little, so as to form a large space at its north-north-west corner. Its western side is the Jebel Ghûbshah; its eastern the Jebel Fureiâ, a mountain plateau lying in the angle formed by the plain and the Wâdy Sheikh; the edge next the plain extending to the point is called the Jebel Sena, probably a tradition of the old name Sinai. The southern end of the plain is formed by the almost perpendicular cliffs of Râs Sûfsâfeh, the Horeb of Scripture, extending right across it, and rising from it to the height of 1500 feet. About the middle of the plain is a watershed, one part of it sloping gently down to the north, the other to the south or south-east. This is the plain Er-Râhah, 'the plain of rest.' And the first view of it strongly excited the feeling that Dr. Robinson describes. We could none of us resist the conviction, that here, sequestered from the world, and as in the mighty nave of a cathedral, — 'a temple not made with hands,' — the host of Israel stood before God, the awful pile of Horeb being the altar upon which the Divine glory rested. Of course this was matter of mere impres-

sion, but we could not resist it. Our previous reading had led us to the conclusion, and our observation confirmed it; for nothing can be more perfect than the correspondence between the place and the history. The summit of Horeb can be seen from every part of the plain, so that the cloud which rested upon it would be visible to all the people. At the south-east corner is the broad opening of Wâdy Sheikh, from which also Horeb is visible; we may imagine it, therefore, also covered with the tents of Israel.

The mountain mass of Sinai, of which Râs Sûfsâfeh is only the northern end, corresponds in shape and area to the plain Er-Râhah. Roughly speaking, it is rectangular, its southern end being a little the broader, and having its corners rounded. It is about the same average width as the plain, and perhaps a little longer. It stands a little more to the west, so that the boundary lines of the mountain are not exactly a continuation of the boundary lines of the plain. Thus, on the eastern side of the mountain, the opening of the narrow Wâdy Deir, also called the Wâdy Shu'eib, or Valley of Jethro, in which the Convent of St. Katherine stands, is included within the southern end of the plain, from which the path to the convent leads in a straight line. A similar valley, the Wâdy Lejâ, — a tradition, possibly, of Jethro's daughter, — forms the western boundary of Sinai. This is entered from Er-Râhah by turning a little to the right. The Wâdy Lejâ divides the isolated mass of Sinai from the irregular and more lofty range of Jebel Katherine — Jebel Katherine itself being to the south-west of Sinai. In the Wâdy Lejâ the Convent of El-Arba'in stands, whose gardens of fruit-trees and cypresses relieve the desolateness of the scene and mourn over it. At the southern end of Sinai these two side valleys are connected by a broad, irregular, and rugged valley, the Wâdy Sebâye; and as this valley is commanded by Jebel Mousa, Ritter and others have supposed that this was the place of the encampment, and that Jebel Mousa was the mountain of Divine manifestation. This is not impossible, but for many reasons it is improbable. It is much rougher and more broken than Er-Râhah, and much less convenient for the encampment of a great multitude, who would have to spread out laterally. It is much more difficult of access, only one or two narrow valleys, little more than mountain passes, leading to it; nor is it easy to conceive why the people should have turned away from the broad, level plain Er-Râhah,

and the wide opening of the Wady Sheikh, to reach a camping-ground in every respect inferior, and even less impressive. The top of Jebel Mousa, moreover, where Moses communed with God, would, contrary to the statement of the narrative, have been visible to all the people, and their idolatry and dancing would have been seen by Moses at every step of his descent. Nor is there any possibility of the people 'removing and standing afar off,' nor is there any 'brook that descended out of the mount,' as there is at Süsâfeh. The mountain itself, moreover, does not overhang the plain, but is protuberant and broken, from the top to the bottom. The only reason for the theory is the gratuitous supposition that Jebel Mousa was the mountain of Divine manifestation to the people, — a supposition which really perplexes and confuses the narrative. To understand the narrative of law-giving, it must be borne in mind that there are two principal summits of Sinai, — Râs es-Süsâfeh at its northern, and Jebel Mousa at its southern extremity. The former rises like a castellated wall, crowned by three principal turrets or peaks, from the plain Er-Râhah. The latter is not seen from the plain, 'being upwards of two miles behind Râs Süsâfeh. All the conditions of the history are fulfilled, if we suppose that it was Jebel Mousa to which Moses ascended to commune with God, out of sight of the people; and that it was Râs Süsâfeh upon which the Divine glory was manifested to the people, and from which the ten 'words' of Sinai were spoken in their hearing.

The sun was setting as we descended upon the plain from the Nûkb Hâwy, and a flush of wondrous crimson clothed the front of Horeb with fire; this rapidly faded into a dusky twilight brown; then the moon arose on the south-east across the Jebel Fureia, and the whole scene was gradually touched and lighted by its pale radiance, until it ultimately rested in a luminous silver grey, which, by the time that we reached Horeb, suffused the whole mass in solemn splendour. At that moment, singularly enough, some light, fleecy clouds upon its top assumed the form of rays shooting upward, as if some faint lingerings of the olden glory still streamed from it. And thus we rode across the plain, scarcely a single feature altered, where for twelve months the Hebrews were encamped, where they heard the sound of the awful trumpet, and the voice of God, and saw the mountain 'altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire.'

Almost unconsciously we fell apart, that we might surrender ourselves to the thoughts and feelings which the almost awful solitude of this moonlight approach to Sinai inspired. The cleft face of Horeb looked down grandly and majestically, just as 3,000 years ago it did, upon the scene of the people's fear and vows; the scene also of their licentious idolatry. And there down its eastern side Moses, with the tables of the Law in his hands, descended from Jebel Mousa, and heard the riotous shouting and singing.

Proceeding up the Wady Deir on the east side of Horeb, we at length reached the Convent of St. Katherine, more strictly of the Transfiguration, which is about a mile up the valley, which it fills. The awful buttresses of Jebel Mousa, a thousand feet high, overhang it, and look into every corner of it. The convent itself is 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. We thundered long and loudly at the door, but no one answered: it seemed a dwelling of the dead. At length a monk appeared at a narrow loop-hole, in the upper part of the building, and, after a while, a second, upon the parapet of the roof. It being an hour or more after sunset, we were refused admission; the vociferations of our Arabs, the arguments of our dragoman, and our own loudly-expressed remonstrances notwithstanding. In vain we proffered our letter from the Patriarch at Cairo; in vain we told them that we had made a forced march of some fourteen hours in order to spend Sunday in the convent; in vain we told them that, having sent our tents round by the Wady Sheikh, they could not arrive before noon the next day, that one of our number was unwell, that we had but little provision, and no bedding. The holy brotherhood were inflexible: they would throw us down coverlids; they would give us bread and olives; they would even admit us into a kind of garden-court, where we might make a fire, and where the stones were not quite so hard, and where, if we preferred it to sleeping, we might have access to the convent garden and walk among its olives and cypress trees: but admission to the convent itself was impossible. We were very angry at first, but soon adjusted ourselves to the situation, and ultimately made ourselves very comfortable; the romance of the circumstance giving a zest to our enjoyment, and an indelibility to the memory of it, which none of us would willingly forego. Our Arabs soon made a fire, and cooked a dinner of such as they had. The coarse brown bread of the monks was very grateful, their olives very nauseous,

the tchibouk after dinner very delicious. We then adjusted our wraps upon the stones as we best could, covered ourselves with the thick quilts of the monks, fixed our umbrellas so that the moon might not 'smite us by night;' and there we lay all in a row, like six Templars in the chancel of a church, only somewhat less quiet. The Congregational Union of England and Wales, represented by one of its ex-presidents, its president actual, and its president elect, not only prostrate at the foot of Sinai, but ignobly doomed to the stony courtyard of a few ignorant Greek monks! Like many other trials of life, the hardship was only in anticipation; our night was, on the whole, an enjoyable one. The outlying peaks of Jebel Mousa looking right down upon us, reminded us that probably Moses, and possibly Elijah, and also Paul, had often slept upon this very spot, with only a mantle to wrap round them; and with this thought we fell asleep, our wraps making us rather too warm than otherwise. In that wild region the monks had no doubt sufficient reason for their caution; only their care for their safety was in excess of their hospitality.

About seven in the morning, a low and impregnable iron door was opened, leading from the courtyard, and, through intricate vault-like passages, we were admitted into the convent. We were conducted to a corridor of small rooms — not over clean — for centuries the lodgings of travellers, known and unknown. After hasty ablutions we went into the Greek Church, where one of the eighth daily services was being celebrated, not much however to our edification; for with the inspiration of the place, and of the Sabbath whose law was there given, with the catholic feeling that recognises every form of devotion which travel produces, strong upon us, and with every predisposition to worship, we found worship utterly impossible. In mere ritual form and rapid irreverence, the service of the Greek Church of the Transfiguration was far worse than any service of the Latin Church that I have seen. Anything farther removed from spiritual feeling and devotional significance it is impossible to conceive. There were about a dozen monks present, some of them maintaining their places in the narrow high-backed stalls which are seen in every Greek church, and others of them walking about, doing different things, and joining in the service by snatches of response. One of the ancient Greek liturgies was used: but the literal gabble of the read-

er, especially in the reiterated 'Kyrie Eleison,' — the hard, perfunctory cracked voice of the officiating priest, — the lugubrious intoning, and the discordant and melancholy mirth of the singing, produced upon us all an impression of most painful incongruity with the place and its associations. And no wonder, when the long service has to be gone through eight times daily; for if this does not destroy all religious sensibility, nothing will. Even upon our stony beds we pitied the poor wretches, when we were awake by the midnight bell summoning them to prayer. The convent and church were built by Justinian in A.D. 549; and although often repaired, a great part of the original structure remains. A more bewildering labyrinth of chapels, cells, and courtyards, staircases, galleries, and passages, interspersed with here and there a cypress or olive tree, can hardly be imagined. It is a strong, rough, square building, 245 ft. by 204, enclosed in massive walls. It was very extensively repaired by the French during the occupation of Egypt, so that some parts of it are modern. The church, a Byzantine building, is in good condition. It consists of a simple nave and two side aisles. The floor is tessellated marble, wrought into various devices. The ceiling is vaulted, and very rich in a grand mosaic of the Transfiguration, with a border of prophets and apostles. The decorations of the church are costly, but, as in most Greek churches, very tawdry; pieces of carpet, silk, and even of cotton, with wretched pictures of mediæval saints, are hung about everywhere. In the nave I counted no fewer than fifty lamps, of all materials and of all shapes, — from costly silver to common glass chandeliers. Over the apex are portraits of the Emperor Justinian and his empress, said to be authentic, and coeval with the church; also a picture of Moses upon his knees before the burning bush. In the chancel behind the altar are carefully preserved the skull and the hand of St. Katherine, who was miraculously carried through the air from Alexandria to the neighbouring mountain that bears her name. In the same place there is also a magnificent portrait of the saint, richly jewelled, and forming the cover of a chest or sarcophagus. Just behind the chancel is the small chapel of the 'Burning Bush,' said to have been erected by the Empress Helena, over the very spot in which the Bush stood. The chapel is very richly decorated; its floor is covered with costly carpets, and the place of the Bush is inlaid with silver. It is still

'holy ground,' and, like Moses, we had to 'put our shoes off our feet,' before we might enter it.

After breakfast we saw the library, which consists chiefly of printed books, some portions of them comparatively modern: amongst them the *Lexicon* of Suidas, a fine edition of Chrysostom, and editions of the Greek fathers. No doubt the library contains also some very precious MSS., were it possible to secure for some competent scholar a thorough examination of them. In the archbishop's room, which was comfortably furnished and hung with portraits, we inspected the celebrated golden MS. of Theodosius, a minute description of which is given in the *Athenæum* of Nov. 12, 1864. It is written on vellum in letters of gold, and very beautifully illuminated. We saw also an exquisite microscopic psalter of the same period, said to have been written by a lady: the characters are so small that they cannot be read without a magnifying glass.

From the library we went to the charnel-house in the garden, near which we had unwittingly slept. We crept into it through a low door and came upon a ghastly array of skulls and bones. When a monk dies, his body is put into a separate chamber until it is decomposed. The skeleton is then taken to pieces, and the bones are arrayed in fanciful and horrid symmetry — the skulls in one pile, the thigh bones in another, the ribs in another. In a corner is the grim squatting skeleton of a celebrated anchorite, who was found in his cell with bent head and clenched hands, conquered in his lonely wrestle with death. A crimson gilt cap covered his ghastly head, and an ornamented cloth was thrown over his dried-up bones.

Close to the church, the one wall apparently touching the other, is a Mahometan mosque, erected, according to a MS. found in the library by Burekhardt, in the fourteenth century, the effect probably of fear in the days of Mussulman power. It is now scarcely ever used, and only when some Mahometan of rank visits the convent. It is strange to see the crescent of its minaret glittering within a few feet of the Christian cross. Mahomet is said to have visited the convent when a camel driver, and in the after days of his prophetic power he commanded the pious monks to the forbearance and protection of his followers. A mosque and a church are in like conjunction on the top of Jebel Moussa.

As it is approached by daylight from the plain of Er-Rahah, the appearance of the convent in that wild mountain solitude is

very striking; its vast, irregular, prison-like buildings filling the entire valley, the dark cypresses of the garden contrasting with the light green of the olive-tree, and with the bright blossom of the almond-tree, where all else is sterility.

We were not sorry, after lunch, to regain possession of our tents, which had been pitched at the foot of Horeb at the entrance to the Wady Deir, close by Jethro's well. There we spent the rest of this memorable Sunday, and after a short tent service we enjoyed a quiet and thoughtful evening. It is not often in a lifetime that the religious heart is subjected to such influences.

We had now reached the farthest point of our wanderings; — henceforth every foot-step would be homewards.

The next morning we ascended Jebel Moussa, which, according to Dean Stanley, is 7,564 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent commences just above the convent. It is steep, but not difficult, and is facilitated in several places by broken steps, the remains of a rough staircase, said to have been made by the Empress Helena. A monk from the convent was our guide. One or two servants accompanied us, carrying coffee for our refreshment at the top — a provision which we greatly scorned at the outset, but upon which we afterwards looked more favourably. We soon reached the 'Ain-el-Jebel, or mountain spring, — a fresh clear fountain, with maiden's hair fern clustering beautifully round it. A little farther, and we came to a small chapel, where we rested while the monk burned incense. It is dedicated to the Virgin; the legend thereof being, that once upon a time the convent was so infested with fleas that the monks abandoned it. On the place where the chapel stands they were met by the Virgin, who, to induce them to return, promised that henceforth their tormentors should be excluded from the convent. The monks accepted the conditions, and ever since, it is said, the convent has been as free from fleas, as, through the saintly efficacy of St. Patrick, Ireland is free from toads. This chapel was erected in commemoration of the vision and the miracle. Our own experience, however, furnished a dubious corroboration of the latter, — either the miracle is in a condition of damaged efficacy, or it does not extend to travellers.

About half-way up we passed through a cleft of the mountain under two archways, distant from each other about ten minutes' walk. At these, in the good old times, monks used to stand to confess all pilgrims, a process necessary to enable their passage.

Hence it is said that no Jew was ever able to get through. The second archway opens upon a secluded little plain—a singular amphitheatre in the very heart of Sinai, surrounded by magnificent peaks and walls of granite—in the centre of which is a little enclosed garden, with a solitary cypress standing at its entrance, and near it a spring and a pool of water, the latter large enough to supply the refreshment of a bath. A few paces from the cypress is the chapel of Elijah, said to be built over the place of the prophet's abode in Horeb. One compartment of the chapel contains the cave in which he 'lodged'—a hole just large enough to contain the body of a man, and into which, as I ascertained by experiment, he might creep. Here he 'wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out and stood at the entering in of the cave,' when after the storm and the earthquake, which rent the mountains upon which we gazed, the Lord 'passed by' and spake to him in the 'still small voice.' Of course no credence can be given to these monkish traditions beyond the probability that the Divine manifestation took place in some such locality of the mountain, and there is no other so likely as this.

Sinai is a great temple 'not made with hands,' and this is its very 'holy of holies.' It is a place into which, through a stupendous veil of granite which shuts out even the Bedouin world, God's priests may enter to commune with Him. In all probability it is the place to which Joshua and the elders accompanied Moses when he went to the top of Jebel Mousa to commune with God. No other place affords conditions equally likely.

From this little plain we obtained our first view of the summit of Jebel Mousa—yet some thousand feet above us towards the south. On our way we passed the footprint of Mahomet's camel.

At length we stood upon 'the top of the mount'—the most sacred spot upon the earth's surface; Jews, Christians, and Mahometans holding it in a common reverence. A little Christian church, until recently a ruin but now just restored, and a Mahometan mosque, stand side by side on the summit,—either a stroke of not very dignified policy, or an expression of very unwonted liberality. About Mount Sinai the two faiths are at any rate on very amicable terms; but there is no Jewish synagogue. Hated and persecuted by both Mahometans and Christians, the Jews are rarely permitted to consecrate their sacred spots; and yet surely

the older and more sacred of the traditions of Sinai pertain to them.

The top of Jebel Mousa is of grey granite. The lower part of it, and the general mass of the mountain, including Rās Sūfāfēh, are of red granite. In the red granite of Jebel Mousa Dendrite stones—*i.e.*, stones marked with fossil trees or ferns—are found. Pococke, Shaw, and the older travellers, speak of them as among the wonders of Sinai; but Dean Stanley speaks of it as curious that they have not been found in later times. We found them very plentifully near a road which the Pasha began to construct, but did not complete; we brought away some specimens.

The testimony of travellers had prepared me for a view from the top of Jebel Mousa much more limited than the reality. Robinson, especially, who refers all the sacred interest of Sinai to Rās Sūfāfēh, unduly disparages it. Jebel Mousa is lower by 1,000 feet than its neighbour, Jebel Katherine, and, of course, the view from it is much more circumscribed; but notwithstanding, it is very magnificent. A large part of the peninsula lies before the traveller,—a scene of tumultuous and intricate confusion, jagged mountain-tops rising from the shadow of deep valleys, and linked together without intervening plains. From different sides of the summit the greater part of the Sinaitic Alps may be seen: Jebel Katherine, streaked with snow, blocks the view on the south-west, and conceals Um Shōmer, higher than itself; the peaks of Sūfāfēh conceal the plain of Er-Rāhah on the north. In almost every other direction the view is very extensive. On the north-west are seen what Dr. Wilson, Laborde, and Dr. Stewart affirm to be the summits of Serbāl, but what Dr. Robinson and Dean Stanley affirm to be the double peak of El-Banāt. We thought it Serbāl; and if, as Mr. Stewart affirms, Jebel Mousa is visible from Serbāl, why not Serbāl from Jebel Mousa? On the north-east 'Akabah may be seen, and the Arabian mountains beyond the gulf. On the south, Rās Mohammed, the point of the peninsula, is visible; and, a little to the north of it, a glimpse of the gulf, with the little island of Tinieh resting on its bosom, is obtained. The far north is bounded by the indefinite horizon of the Great Desert, with the pass of Nūkb Hawy in the foreground. A little to the east of this, over Jebel Furciā, the mighty mountain-wall of the Jebel Tih is visible. Unfortunately, the atmosphere was not very clear; our prospect, therefore, was more indistinct and lim-

ited than otherwise it would have been. Descending the sides of Jebel Mousa a little, three of the valleys that insulate Sinai may be traced, the plain Er-Rāhah being shut out by Rās Süfsāfeh, as also part of Wādy El-Deir. We were chiefly interested in the Wādy Sebāyeh, — the place, as some think, of the encampment of the people while the Law was proclaimed from Jebel Mousa. This we saw in all its extent; but it only deepened our conviction concerning the claims of Er-Rāhah.

Most remarkable of all was the view, northward, of the interior summits of Sinai itself, — a Titanic wilderness of weather-beaten masses of granite, shaping themselves into the most fantastic forms, and overhanging with indescribable sublimity the ravines that separated them. After spending about an hour upon the summit, and reading the sacred history associated with it, we descended to the little plain; but instead of leaving it through the archway leading down to the convent, three of us started for the summit of Rās Süfsāfeh, about two miles distant. Our path wound through narrow valleys and over rugged passes of granite. Never have I been so impressed with huge forms of mountain magnificence and grotesqueness: they are as overwhelming from their own awful grandeur as from their inseparable associations. The bottoms of these internal valleys are covered with odoriferous plants; each, indeed, is a perfect 'garden of herbs,' most of them unknown to me. In one or two places are little chapels — one dedicated to John the Baptist, another dedicated to the 'Virgin of the Zone;' the latter is the most northern, and is at the foot of the precipice of Süfsāfeh. Two willows grow near it, which give its name, 'Mountain of the Willow,' to the peak. From this chapel the ascent of about 500 feet to the summit is very steep and arduous; it is, indeed, a rough scramble up an almost perpendicular ravine, over huge detached blocks of granite. We accomplished it in about twenty minutes; and then we stood upon 'Horeb, the mount of God,' on the very summit of the central peak, once covered with clouds and darkness, and refulgent with the glory of the Lord —

'Where all around, on mountain, sand, and sky,
God's chariot-wheels have left distinctest trace.'

Er-Rāhah in its entirety lies stretched before us; the wide entrance to Wādy Sheikh opens on the right; the boundaries which kept off the people — either an allu-

vial debris, or the side of a natural valley — are around the base of the mountain; the Hill of Aaron, where he cast the golden calf, is just beyond.

If the view from below was impressive, not the less was the view from above. The risen peaks around us were stern and awful in their grandeur. Could they but have testified what they had seen! Their character is in striking harmony with the associations of the place.

And yet it was not without its discord. On a mountain to the left, over against Rās Süfsāfeh, — the Jebel Tina is an unfinished modern palace of Abbas Pasha, glittering like the last new house in the Boulevards; a monument of folly and bad taste.

It is impossible to convey mere impressions to others, and of course their subjective value depends upon their recipient: but having traversed the summits of this vast pile of Sinai from one end to the other, having looked down into each of the four valleys which isolate it, having looked up to it from various points below; and having a distinct and vivid conception of it in its entirety, we all felt, first, its unique grandeur — grand in the approaches to it, grand in itself, the adytum of a great temple of Nature consecrated by God to himself; and next, the wonderful harmony between the place and the history, — a harmony to be found nowhere else in equal perfection. We could not doubt that this was the scene of the law-giving, and that the two summits, Jebel Mousa and Rās Süfsāfeh, were the mountains of Divine manifestation to Moses and the people respectively. On this supposition there is not a requirement of the narrative that is not perfectly fulfilled. No place or conditions can be conceived of more suitable for such a manifestation.

For a while we surrendered ourselves to its almost overpowering associations and solemnities. We could almost fancy that the mountains still felt the awe of His presence; that the atmosphere still thrilled with His voice; that all around still bore the impress of His touch.

Every traveller has remarked the distinctness with which, in the region of Sinai, sounds can be heard at an almost incredible distance. The exaggerations of the Arabs — one of whom told Carsten Niebuhr that their shout could be heard from Jebel Mousa to the Gulf of 'Akabah, — as well as the sober testimony of travellers who have made experiments, attests this. According to Mr. Sandie, ordinary conver-

sation on the plain Er-Râhah can be heard nearly half a mile. A thunderstorm, which he heard on Sinai, is described by Dr. Stewart as stupendously grand. This may possibly be attributed in part to the structure of the mountains, and in part to absence of vegetation. This has an interesting bearing upon the utterance of the Law. There is no reason to think that the voice from the holy mount was loud and reverberating like thunder: the impression which the narrative makes is of a voice distinct and clear, rather than overwhelmingly grand. Philo says: 'The Law was uttered with such calmness and distinctness that the people seemed to be seeing rather than hearing it.'

We rapidly descended to our tents by one of the ravines on the eastern side of the mountain,—an almost perpendicular water-course, which it would be well-nigh impossible to climb. The 'descensus' was anything but 'facilis.' It brought us into the valley just by Jethro's well and our tents; the rest of the latter was very welcome.

On the morning of Tuesday we prepared to leave Sinai. It is impossible to avoid a feeling of melancholy at the almost barbarous and utterly irreligious condition of the district. A greater destitution of religious feeling, and even idea, than that which characterises the Towâra Arabs, cannot be imagined: they may be gentle in blood, but we should scarcely do them an injustice were we, in religious respects, to place them on the level of the lowest African savage. In Mussulman cities nothing is more common than to see Arabs pray: we never saw a Towâra pray; nor, as far as we could learn, have they any ordinances of religious worship or instruction. And yet the district of Sinai has been inhabited by as many as 6,000 monks at a time: traces of monasteries and convents are to be found everywhere. Unlike the self-sacrificing monks and missionaries of the Latin Church, the Greek monks of the Convent of the Transfiguration never think of teaching the Arabs either the arts of civilization or the glad tidings of the Gospel. 'It is hard,' says Dean Stanley, 'to recall another institution with such opportunities so signally wasted. It is a colony of Christian pastors planted among heathens, who wait on them for their daily bread, and for their rain from heaven; and hardly a spark of civilization or of Christianity, as far as history records, has been imparted to a single tribe or family in that wide wilderness. It is a colony of Greeks, of Europeans, of ecclesiastics, in one of the

most interesting and most sacred regions of the earth; and hardly a fact, from the time of their first foundation to the present time, has been contributed by them to the geography, the geology, or the history of a country which in all its aspects has been submitted to their investigation for thirteen centuries.'

The scene of our departure was strange enough. Some of our camels and men, according to the regulations of the Arabs, had to be exchanged for others. Every Arab in the district who possessed a camel was eager to be employed. As many as fifty or sixty men beset our encampment, and scrambled for our things. The confusion and violence were indescribable. Every little bag was seized by four or five Arabs simultaneously—struggling, vociferating, gesticulating to the utmost of their power. Hassan and his servants were powerless. He and 'Abishai, his chief lieutenant, armed themselves, therefore, with the stoutest sticks that they could find, and with both hands laid about them most lustily, running from one group to another, and belabouring the hands and arms that were struggling at a portmanteau. Finding this ineffectual, Hassan would occasionally dash his fist into the face of an Arab, and by a kind of sustained push, back him out of the *mêlée*. The clamour of European porters and commissionaires is bad enough, but it is gentleness itself compared with that of the Arabs. Choose your porter, and the rest fall off. You cannot choose your Arab. He has no idea of a verbal engagement; and so long as you are within reach he will attempt to transfer you and your baggage to his own camels. The entire property of an Arab consists of his camel; and all its produce is the very occasional employment for it that he can obtain. Blood is frequently shed on such occasions. Happily it was not so in this instance, although the struggle continued for two hours. We could do nothing but stand by, infinitely amused—compelled to admire the perfect forms, the manly grace, and the picturesque attitudes of many of the vociferating Arabs.

We did not get off until nine o'clock, and for some miles we were escorted by a number of disappointed men with their unemployed camels. It was an irreverent and even painful departure from such a place. I did, however, in the confusion manage to get apart for a short time, and my last look of the Holy Mount was a quiet and silent one. Shortly after, however, two or three Arabs seized my camel, and with the peculiar guttural which brings a camel to his

knees, they thrice arrested my progress, vociferating and shouting, trying to induce me to dismount and transfer myself to another beast, until I was in danger of being treated like a portmanteau — my legs and arms pulled in opposite directions. Hassan, according to his custom, had remained behind, to see everything cleared from the encampment, and, except by physical resistance, I had no means of remonstrating. As I had a good camel, I did not choose to part with it; so, as often as it was brought to its knees, I made it rise again; the chief inconvenience being the violent shuttlecock motion caused by a camel's rising, the first pitch of which almost sends you over its head, the second almost breaks your back, the third propels you forward again, and it is not until the fourth that

you are fairly up; and all this was aggravated in this instance by the further disturbance of a pull at one leg or the other. I was, however, by this time, a tolerably expert camel rider, and kept my seat. Happily 'Abishai came up, and, seeing my predicament, put a stout stick into my hand, with the wholesome advice, 'If they touch you again, beat them.' I was not again molested; but for some hours the disappointed candidates for the honour of carrying us accompanied our caravan, maintaining a fierce and almost deafening controversy with their more fortunate companions.

Our way lay down the Wady Sheikh; our destination was Gaza, by the Khan Nukhl, which we reached fourteen days afterwards.

H. A.

SNOWBALLING.

BY JOSIE S. HUNT.

THE soft, loose gold of her tresses
Is straying about her face,
And the wind through its silken meshes
Is running a frolicsome race,
Her violet eyes — how they darken and flash!
Her rose-red cheeks — how they glow!
As she stands, ankle-deep in the milk-white
drifts!
Pelting me with the snow.

She tosses the soft flakes round her,
In her pretty, hoydenish play,
Till she looks like a sea-nymph rising
Through the billows of foam and spray.
She moulds the balls with her little bare hands;
Do you think she would pout or scold
If I nestled the pink palms down in my breast
To warm them? — they look so cold!

Her white wool mittens are flung on the snow,
Each one in itself a flake,
And her silken scarf beside them lies,
Coiled up like a crimson snake.
All about me the tracks of her soft brown feet
Have printed the downy snow,
And I know by them where, another spring,
The prettiest flowers will grow.

She laughs and scoffs when my snowballs fly
Harmless over her head,
And she flirts her curls in a saucy way,
And crouches in mimic dread;

She calls me a sorry marksman,
An awkward fellow — and still
She, sly little witch, knows well enough
It isn't from lack of skill.

She knows I would sooner think
Of tearing a butterfly's wing,
Or of beating a lily, or throttling
The first sweet robin of spring,
Than of aiming at her in earnest
Or hitting her if I could,
Or harming so much as a tassel
Of her little scarlet hood.

Gay, beautiful Madge! Oh what would she do
If my mouth was half as bold
As the crystals which fall on her lips and her
hair,
Like pearls among rubies and gold?
Will her pride and her wilfulness trample my
love
As her feet have trampled the snow?
That the missiles she flings, which are ice to my
face,
Are fire to my heart, does she know?

Sweet tease! does she guess I am wondering
now
Whether she'll ever be,
In the long, long future before us both,
Anything more to me
Than a little hoyden, with wild, gold hair,
And red-rose cheeks in a glow,
Who stands ankle-deep, in the milk-white drifts,
Pelting me with the snow?

From the Sunday Magazine.

THE PASTOR'S WIDOW.

A FEW years ago our market was daily attended — unless, indeed, the weather was desperate — by an elderly woman, remarkable neither in face, attire, nor anything else. Her dress was always simplicity itself; she was middle-sized, had rather a commonplace face at the first glance, but what drew my attention to her was the regularity of her attendance, for which there seemed no adequate reason, since she had, generally speaking, only a very small basket on her arm, and sometimes none at all. When she had made her purchase she did not go straight home like other people, but regularly made the circuit of the whole market; and when the weather was fine and the stalls full, often visited some of them two or three times over. Unconsciously I took to observing what she was looking for, and what it was she bought; she had never come in my way as a bargainer, never snapped up a pigeon or fowl I happened to want. Indeed, her purchases seemed all on a small scale; belonging not to the animal but vegetable world, and even of vegetables she chose the cheapest and soonest cooked, and with them almost always a little fruit. At times too she would ask the price of flowers, — a little rose-bush or pot of pansies, and I noticed that very often the market-women would give her a few lettuce leaves unasked, whence I concluded that she kept a little bird, and in all probability lived alone. Now, purchases to this amount need not have detained her two minutes; there must have been some other attraction in the market-place, and when once I began fairly to observe her, I soon discovered what it was.

Evidently, she took an infinite delight in the vegetables and fruits themselves, apart from any idea of eating them. But it was orchard-fruit that most fascinated her eyes and heart. Mere bush-fruit she seemed scarcely to notice, but apples and pears were her supreme delight, — there was a new exclamation at every kind she discovered. When the new ones came in, and new and old lay in the basket together, her new year seemed to begin, and she noted and named every fresh appearance, just as a field-marshal reviews his regiment.

I began, too, to notice how well the market-women knew her tastes. They would beckon to her to show her new kinds, and ask their names. There was, in short, a quite peculiar tie between this good woman and the market-wives, and a very

friendly one. The interest that she took in their stalls, her admiration of fine fruit, her judicious discrimination of the relative merits of different kinds, and useful hints as to storing them, &c., were all pleasant to the sellers, who evidently liked to see her and to exchange a few good-humoured words, as a variety in the monotony of marketing.

One winter day, when it was bitter cold and slippery, it so happened that she fell down in going out of the market, and hurt her leg and arms very badly. She was soon raised up and set on her feet. No limb was broken. With great suffering she could contrive to walk, but not alone. Although I had very little acquaintance with her, I could not do less than offer her my arm, which she took gratefully, but with all sorts of excuses and apologies, such as were customary in my day, when every silly person had not yet got to believing that the world was created expressly for him, and that his fellow-creatures were in it to wait upon his convenience. It seems to be considered old-fashioned now-a-days for one man to thank another; but what would you have? If people have left off gratitude to God, why not to each other?

I can tell you it was no easy matter to get the poor creature, who was in terrible pain, back to her own part of the town.

Her lowly room was indescribably clean and neat, and as I had rightly surmised, there was a bird in the window, who greeted us with cheerful chirps and twittering.

"You poor dear," she said, "you think you are going to get your salad, and I have none for you to-day."

Quite exhausted, she sank down on a chair.

"My Heavenly Father!" she murmured, "what am I to do now?"

It seemed that she was quite alone in the world. Only a charwoman came in once a day with wood and water. She did everything else for herself. She rented this one little room, but had nothing to do with any one of the other inhabitants of the house, no acquaintanceship with them, except a mutual bow if they chanced to meet in the doorway. Such complete isolation as this may go on pretty well for a time, but earlier or later something is sure to happen, and the question "What next?" often gets forced upon the lonely with a suddenness that takes away their very breath.

On this occasion it was I who put it, and not the half-fainting sufferer. What next, indeed? There I was, all alone; the charwoman would not come till six, — it was only ten now. Had I been at home I could

have sent for help; but I was afraid of leaving her alone, and then, whom was I to call in this strange house? There was not even a bell in the room. In the midst of my perplexity, however, there was a knock at the door, and a merry childish face peeped in and said —

"Mamma sent me to see if she could be of any use to the old lady. She heard that she had come back poorly."

Here was an angel in time of need. She came in, and in the most compassionate way began to stroke the poor sufferer, who could not reply for coughing.

"Could your mamma come here herself?" said I, not noticing the shaking of the old lady's head, and the child was off before she could get out a word.

"Dear me!" she said at last. "what can you be thinking of! Such a distinguished lady!"

But the lady herself soon entered, distinguished no doubt, but a sweet-looking creature as well, who approached the invalid in the most sympathising manner, but bowed very stiffly to me. I set it down for pride, and thought to myself, "Ay, ay, they are all alike;" but later I found out it was shyness.

And now, what next? Why, first of all we decided that we must get her to bed, and then I would go and fetch my own doctor. The lady said she would have sent for hers, only he was rather too much run after, and when once he had laid out the order of his day, nothing could get him to depart from it: if they ran after him with the intelligence that his own wife was dying, she believed he was capable of saying, "She must wait, for I have still four patients down on my list." Meanwhile I fully expected the lady to send for her maid; but no, she took the matter in hand herself, to the inexpressible confusion of the worthy widow.

"Impossible — out of the question — the sheriff's lady — Madam, I beg, I entreat — I shall die of shame."

And when we came to her left foot we were nearly the death of her, for as the lady tried to draw off the stocking, she in the intensity of her distress and anxiety to prevent it, lost her balance and nearly fell off the chair. To be sure I caught her and broke the fall, but still the wrench she gave herself made her scream, and brought tears into her eyes. We had the greatest difficulty to get her into bed, but at last it was done, and she might have rested quietly but for her politeness and her scruples.

"And if I only knew what to do, — and she is not put out with me. She can do everything for me that I want."

Upon which the lady explained that the allusion was to the charwoman who came once a day, and that the widow thought that would be attendance enough. But this the doctor would not hear of. The case required far more treatment, and he proposed to have the patient carried at once to the hospital, where all the townspeople had a right to be received gratis. He was physician there, he said, and he could promise that she would be perfectly well cared for. But, to our great astonishment, the pastor's widow positively refused; she could not venture into such a large house, could not endure to be amidst numbers; it was impossible to live in a large room where there was no rest or sleep day or night; a little room was such a comfort in sickness. We all tried to overcome her objections, told her a few hours would reconcile her to the change, and vaunted the comforts of the institution; even Lisette, the lady's maid, taking a lively part in the argument, for she feared her mistress's kindness would give her some trouble.

The good soul knew and felt that this repugnance of hers must strike us all as childish and unreasonable, and therefore her agitation became very great, when all at once the sheriff's lady interposed:

"Never mind, my dear madam, don't distress yourself; there is no necessity for anything of the kind. I can easily understand your liking better to be alone than with a dozen others: when you want to sleep, somebody else is sure to begin coughing. I should feel just the same. We shall be sure to find a good nurse."

The doctor was not one of those who are incapable of placing themselves in another person's situation, and get angry at the least difference of opinion.

"Very well, my good lady," he said, "I have not another word to say. If only we get Mrs. X. (he meant me) to look about for us, depend upon it we shall get a suitable nurse."

"Thank you for your confidence in me," said I; and the thing was settled. I went off to seek a nurse, who was, in the first instance, to call upon the doctor for further instructions, and the lady undertook to sit with the patient in the meantime.

Thus, then, a so-called accident had brought together, and into friendly relations, persons who else would never have known each other; and but for it I should have been poorer in kindly memories and richer in prejudices.

The consequences of the accident were far more serious than the good woman at first anticipated. The human frame is pret-

ty much like a bottle of wine, which will keep clear and beautiful to the eye for years and years if you let it stand undisturbed, but a rude shake or two will so completely change its aspect, you would hardly believe it was the same wine; nor will it soon clear again. And, in the same way, let an elderly person, who has long led a quiet uniform life, meet with any untoward accident that shakes the frame and changes the course of habit, ten to one some latent mischief will develop itself, so that the original accident becomes a secondary thing, and not unfrequently results in death. The widow had hoped to be up and about in the course of the next week, but she was sadly mistaken; she had to put off her hope from week to week, and meekly, though with many a sigh, had to resign it as each week came round. The injuries would not heal properly; the limbs seemed to lose their power, and by degrees a general debility set in. The doctor did what he could, but gradually took to an ominous shake of the head. The nurse was very kind; I had been fortunate in my choice; not only was she skilful in her office, but she got fond of the invalid, who suffered so patiently, never ordered her about, but humbly asked for what she absolutely required, and as much as possible respected her sleep.

The nurse, however, could not give up her whole time to one patient; she had several valuable clients whom she could not afford to lose, and therefore arrangements had to be made to prevent the invalid being left alone. The sheriff's lady and myself, between us, contrived that the solitary intervals should be very short indeed, and I must say that it was this lady who took the greater part of the responsibility, and that not by sending Lisette or any other deputy, but in her own person. Nay, even when she knew that I was there, she would come down with her work; and help to while the time away.

What struck us most of all about our widow was her entire and singular isolation. She asked for no one, sent to summon no one, nor were any inquiries made for her. Her bird seemed her only friend, and he would go on ruthlessly chirping till he got to her; and no lettuce leaves seemed thoroughly to please him but those he pecked from her hand. I must also except the marketwomen, who were greatly surprised at her absence, and expressed much concern when they heard of her accident, and sometimes sent her presents; and here and there one gave me a flower, another an apple, to take to her, saying they had put them aside

expressly for her, knowing them to be favourites. The example being once set, so many came to offer me similar tokens of remembrance, that I should have wanted a maid to carry them; but I begged that they would not all give at once, but from time to time send a little present to the poor lady, who would not be among them again, I feared, for a long time, if ever. But, to be sure, the ecstasy of delight to the good soul was to think of being remembered; and then the beauty of the apples!—in short, every time I took her anything she used to cry with sheer happiness. So childish a spirit I never had met with in all my life. And what a precious treasure this childlike spirit is, the world little understands; 'tis one that passes understanding, like the peace of God. The so-called happiness that most of us are chasing, strays beyond the confines of both these, and is nothing but a will-o'-the-wisp or a haunting spectre.

It will be easily understood that we wished to know whether she had any relations or friends whom she would like to apprise of her condition; but we were afraid of asking her abruptly, for fear she might fancy we wanted to get rid of our services to her. To our individual inquiries on this head she replied, that there was no one but the guardian of the Orphans' Institute who knew her at all, and she would gladly let him rest as long as ever she could. Not that he was ill-intentioned, but he was a rough over-bearing man who could not tolerate the least opposition to his will; and would, if put out, run on as though life and death were in his hands. She actually trembled in speaking of him. But what was her consternation and alarm when she found out that this said despotic guardian was my cousin? I had all the work in the world to compose her, and convince her that I was in no way offended. I was fond of my cousin, indeed, but far too well accustomed to his infirmity to mind it being commented on or laughed at.

He was a man of the old-fashioned stamp, honourable and upright at heart, and in private matters gentle and pleasant enough; but once let him get on official ground, and clouds of majesty encompassed him about; contradiction was high treason; he became harsh, haughty, magisterial; in short, I could well understand the impression he had made on the quiet widow, though I wondered how the two had chanced to come in contact.

Everything combined to make me anxious to raise the curtain of her past, and to learn how she could possibly be the lonely

creature she was. But it was not I alone who felt this curiosity; the sheriff's lady shared it to the full. One day I met her outside the room, and she began:

"Do tell me whether you really know as little as I do about the history of our good widow; I would give anything to have some insight into it. She never makes the least allusion to it, which increases my wonder."

"Just so with me," replied I.

"Now look here," she went on; "you are a person of courage and resolution; do devote this afternoon to finding out. It is such thoroughly bad weather, that we are sure that no one will disturb us, and 'tis just the time for listening to a story, and she is so kind I don't think she will refuse; and whatever she tells us, she can trust us to keep to ourselves."

So I consented; and as soon as we were both comfortably seated and the knitting going on, I began:

"What would you have said, Mrs. —, if I had brought my cousin in here to see you? I stumbled upon him almost at your door, and had half a mind to tell him he was but a sorry guardian after all, and looked very ill after his ward. What a face to be sure he would have pulled!"

But I soon repented of my mischievous speech, it threw the poor soul into such a state of alarm.

"Oh!" she cried; "if only I may be spared that! I do believe if I were to see him suddenly look in, the shock would kill me. What things he would say to me for not having announced my illness to him, and for refusing to go to the hospital; he would have me carried off there upon the spot."

After we had quieted and comforted her as well as we could, I went on to beg that she would tell us why she had such a dread of the worthy guardian, and also to give us some insight into her past life; we knew nothing about her but her name, and in our town the custom was to get full possession of a person's family history as far back as their grandparents before we could feel acquainted with them. At first she excused herself on the score of having really no history to tell.

"O dear!" she said. "How could such an insignificant creature as I am have met with anything remarkable?"

When we told her that this fact alone, of her knowing no one, and seeming to have dropped down out of the sky, was in itself truly remarkable, she said it was perfectly natural. She did not belong to our town, but to —; and so she suddenly found

herself launched upon her history: and once fairly off, she forgot her scruples.

"When I was young," she began, "I little thought of ever becoming a citizen of B—. I belonged to one of the small towns in which, as the proverb says, you may pour out a quart of cream at the higher gate and gather it again at the lower without losing a drop. My father was the gate-keeper, and had besides to look after the town clock, and to see that it kept good time. It was an important post, but a difficult one too, for the clock was old and had a trick of standing; and if my father did not find this out at once, the mayor, or the lawyer's lady, or some other of the first quality in the little town, were sure to be down upon him, and send him flying off with a threat that if the time were not better looked after, a change would have to be made. Just under the gate my father had set up a little shop, both as a source of profit and amusement. There the very best matches were to be had, as well as other things, — tobacco, for instance, and coffee; and in winter, walnuts and chestnuts too. My father was a widower, and had no child but me, nor could he afford to keep a maid. He was not one of those who fuss themselves about time. He ate his dinner when it was ready, and did not expect it to be always to a minute, like the lawyer's lady, with her pointed nose. I often was rather perplexed what to do to make the two ends meet, but I was contented. It never occurred to me that we were badly off, and the Sundays were always beautiful days. There was church in the morning, and time for the most delightful meditations; and when Monday came, I began to look forward to the next Sunday. And so I lived on, quite happy, though quietly so. I had, indeed, very few playfellows, and was generally at home, where there was more than enough to do; but my father was very kind to me, and what better did I want? To be sure, I had my troubles every now and then, — if a flower I was fond of died, or my father gave me a slight reproof. One day — but really I do not know how to tell you this part; I must skip this," said the old lady, positively blushing.

But we were well aware that this would turn out the most interesting part of her story, and therefore we never ceased begging and coaxing till she began again. "One day — one day" — but she stammered over it a good deal, and it was some time before we could get her fairly started.

"One day, then — it was on a Thursday, and getting out to evening — a short gentle-

man made his appearance in my little shop, and inquired for tinder. I served him as I should any one else. He was a long time in choosing; I gave him my advice, and at length he went off without my thinking more about him than that he was a kind-mannered gentleman, had a lovely voice, and no doubt sang well. I wished I could hear him.

"The next Monday he again appeared suddenly before me, and quite startled me, for I had entirely forgotten him. He was full of praises of the tinder, and inquired whether we had tobacco as well, his being nearly done. I said we had; and he said as he had been so much pleased with the tinder, he might trust us as to tobacco, and I had to put him up a small parcel, which I did in fear and trembling, lest he should not approve it. At last Monday came again, and he too, saying he had never bought any tobacco so good as ours, strange to say; but it was not always the largest shops that had the best things, and in future he should get everything he could from us. I did not know what to say in reply; and but that he spoke so kindly, I should have thought he was surely laughing at us.

"In the evening I told my father that a gentleman had been to the shop, who meant always to buy his tobacco from us, and I should like to know his name. When my father had asked what he was like, and heard that he always appeared on a Monday, he pronounced that it must be the Helmsvale curate, who was in the habit of coming to town on that day, and got laughed at because he always bought a small bottle of some stomachic elixir at the apothecary's. It made me very angry, to think that people should laugh at so kind a gentleman; and next time he came I was the more attentive, because I felt sorry for him. He chatted, too, longer than usual, and when I called him Reverend Sir, seemed pleased at my knowing who he was. He told me that Monday afternoon was the only time he had for recreation; early on Tuesday he had to set to work again studying for the following Sunday.

"Now then I became fonder than ever of the Sunday, because Monday came next. All the week through I used to think, 'Oh, if Monday was but here!' and I was always in great alarm lest my father should send me out on a Monday afternoon, and the curate find no one in the shop, and so buy his tobacco elsewhere.

"On one occasion, just as he had pocketed his purchases, a sudden snow-storm came on. It got quite dark, and the snow blew in at

the door, so that I could do nothing but shut it too and ask him to step into our room, for, with the door shut, we could hardly have turned round in the little shop. As it was, he was covered with snow, and I should have liked to have shaken it off, but did not, out of respect.

"From that time we got on more friendly terms, and he used to come, not only into the shop, but the room, to have a look at the rose-tree. My father thought a great deal of him, both because it was an honour to be on familiar terms with the clergy, and because he listened so patiently to my father's droll stories, and would laugh at them heartily, which was a new thing to my dear father, who hardly ever met with anyone who had not heard them before.

"Now people even began to tease me about a love affair. I looked upon it merely as one of their customary jokes, and laughed with them. All I feared was, that the curate might come to hear of it, and get his tobacco elsewhere, which would have been a loss any way, particularly to my father, who so enjoyed a talk with him."

At that we both smiled, and the sheriff's lady said,

"But you, my dear madam, would you not have been grieved, too, if the curate had left off his visits?"

"No doubt I should, afterwards," she replied, "but I was not conscious then of my own real feelings. To be sure, I used to think what a fine position a pastor's wife had: how she could have her own way in house and garden, and go about her parish like a queen amongst the other women, particularly if she had such a good, learned gentleman for her husband as the curate was. But that such good fortune could ever fall to me didn't enter my head, nor did he give me any room for thinking of it. He was not one of the young gentry, who pay compliments to every girl they meet. Nothing of the kind ever passed his lips; he was kind, but grave; always called me Miss Susan; never shook hands with me; never spoke of settling, or of future prospects, or bragged about his sermons; only sighed sometimes over his difficulty in composing them."

"Those men are the most dangerous of all, my dear lady," I broke in; "they only humble themselves that they may be praised by others."

"No, indeed no; that he never did; he was far too sincere for that; he was not like folks now-a-days. And it would have done him no good either. I could not have praised him, nor should I like to have told

him what people said; that they were getting rather tired of him at Helmsvale: he had been there so long — not that there was much to find fault with, either, except that he was so short in stature.

"But one Monday came and did not bring him, and waiting and watching were all in vain; the whole week through not a creature came from Helmsvale of whom I might inquire whether the curate was sick. To be sure, he had missed one Monday before, but then he had told me of it beforehand, and taken two packets of tobacco. Ah! it was a long week, indeed, and my father and I did nothing but wonder what had happened to him. The following Monday the weather was so dreadful that we decided he never could come. However, on the mere chance, I thought I would make it twelve o'clock a little earlier than usual, so as to get our dinner well over and things all out of the way, and have time to — well, I will not say dress myself a little, my father would have given me a proper lecture for that — but at all events it could do no harm if I gave my face an extra wash, and chanced to put on the kerchief I wore on Sunday.

"As we were in the middle of our dinner, a knock came to the door, which indeed often happened, for people had a way of leaving things under our care, and my father called out, 'Come in.' And in came — his reverence the curate. Perhaps we had heard that he had been appointed to the living of Garnetbill?

"No, indeed; and very kind we took it of the reverend gentleman that he should take the trouble of announcing this to us himself. But there was more to come, which quite overwhelmed both my father and me. He went on to ask me in marriage, and dwelt so beautifully on his being an orphan, and alone in the world, and that he wanted a wife to be father, mother, and all in all to him, that I can't help crying to this very day when I think it over. Then he told how that he thought he had found all he wanted in me, in such a way that my father wept out loud like a child, so did not know whether he was pleased or not. When he ceased speaking, neither of us could answer him a word. And thus I, a poor gate-keeper's daughter, was to become a pastor's wife, and a citizen of B——! It was too much for my head to take in: it did not seem real. I felt as if in a dream.

"My father was the first to get the use of his tongue, and he went on about the honour, and our poverty, and I, in my con-

fusion, murmured something about not leaving my father, for how could the shop be carried on without me?

"Then came the best of all. If that was all the objection Miss Susan had to make, he said, he had anticipated it, and could, he thought, overcome it. He was about to propose that my father should live with us; it would be a great benefit to him if he could make up his mind to do so. There was glebe land with the parsonage that he should not know what to do with; he did not understand country pursuits, and my father did most thoroughly, he knew, and could therefore be of the greatest assistance to him.

"The next morning the news was all over the town, and before noon our own pastor came to tell my father that, having heard such a report, he felt it his duty to come and warn him of it, and he sincerely regretted that his daughter should have been so indiscreet as to carry on a flirtation with a curate. Then my father replied that I had done nothing of the kind, but that the curate had been appointed to a living, and that quite unexpectedly I had become engaged to him yesterday. Our minister would not believe it, and thought we had mistaken jest for earnest; but when he was really convinced, he wished me grace to profit by my good fortune. But I was still, he said, far from being qualified for such a position, and gladly would he lend me all the assistance he could, and I might come to his house whenever I liked. He added that he must say he never should have expected such a thing: but it was true enough that still waters run deep.

"You can easily imagine the noise it made in our little town; but no one seemed to grudge me my happiness, not even those at the parsonage, where there were seven daughters. Everybody was kind to me, and seemed to think that my good fortune was an honour.

"I had to go over to B——, where I had never been before. It was a grand day for me, and I enjoyed it much, only with fear and trembling. He led me everywhere by the hand, else I should never have had courage to walk about, and it was a great relief to me when we left the gates behind us.

"The following day was the most important in my life; it was that on which our banns were given out, and we went to church together. After that we were busy, indeed. My father was resolved to leave none of our poor furniture behind. What we had, he said, we need not buy, and that

was money saved at all events; added to which, under his auspices, the curate bought some very nice things; and as to presents, I had so many I was quite ashamed. I never could have believed people had been so fond of us. At first we thought we had better not have all our effects carried to the parsonage at once, but my father decided that the sight of such a load would inspire the parishioners with respect, and went with it a day before, to get all ready for us. The next morning we got quietly married, and that evening arrived at the parsonage.

"Our new pastor's wife is still quite a child," the villagers said; "but she is one of the children who will turn out a good kind of woman; she has no pride." Oh, on, indeed, I was not proud: I only felt that Heaven had opened and taken me in.

"Many laughed at us, no doubt, but we were not aware of it. And then we, especially my husband, had such a genuine goodwill to all men, that the laughter soon died down, and it was allowed that he was one of the right sort, and would help every one if he could. But it was my father who was the most looked up to. He had just the proper self-respect; sat quite at his ease in our mayor's company, and had always plenty to talk of, as well as plenty to do, for our glebe, and especially our orchard, kept his hands full. We lived very much to ourselves. The village was remote: nor had we much intercourse with the other pastors round; my husband was shy, and I still more so. I can quite understand that we were of little value in society; for, if not stupid, we could not prove ourselves the reverse. But we were none the less happy for that. My husband with his flock, my father with his fields, and I with my garden — the narrower our interests, the more engrossing they seemed, and the joy of one was shared by the other two. And our joys were new, day by day; each season brought baskets full, and we were like children in our delight over our crops. My husband often declared that he had never believed any human being could be so blest, and least of all himself.

"Nor was my father less happy than my husband: and moreover he ascribed all our prosperity to his own efforts. We should see, he said, how differently things would go on but for him; we were but a foolish inexperienced pair, and had no idea of management. And we fully believed him. We both felt that we were blest far above our deserts, and indeed I was so childish that I often felt quite ashamed of it, and almost sad in the con-

viction that it could never last. For small as our income really was, our wants being still less, we always felt ourselves to have all and abound, and I do not believe a happier household could have been found than ours for many, many a year.

"The first blow was my father's sudden death. He had retained his energies so completely that we never thought of losing him. He made a sad gap in our life; we missed him in every way. And then we had no children, and began to feel a conscientious scruple in living so completely to ourselves, while others were oppressed by family cares. We thought God meant us to come to this conclusion, and had sent my father's death to point us to it. Then we were childishly delighted to find a little orphan, to whom we both took — a lovely boy, with light curling hair; and we rejoiced in the thought of bringing him up well — the more so, that he came of a very wild stock. We got inexpressibly fond of the child; he was our little idol; never off the lap of one or the other, and allowed to have his own way in everything. Yes, indeed, we forgot our garden and our orchard in our new treasure; he might pull our best apples, or knock off the heads of our prettiest flowers: we could not make up our minds to thwart him, though we looked on in sorrow and dismay. We thought that he only behaved so ill because he knew no better, and would get more manageable by-and-by.

"But no; on the contrary, he grew worse and worse, ruder, and more defiant. Do what we would we could not elicit a spark of love or a trace of sorrow. He was a tyrant to all other children in the village, and brought down much censure upon us for our bad bringing up of him; in short, he was a heart-break to us every way.

"God knows what would have become of us all at last if our dear Lord had not mercifully taken matters into his own hand. He removed the boy out of our keeping: sent his angel, Death, to bring him away to Himself. We understood at last how gracious God had been in freeing us from a self-imposed responsibility. He gave us no children. He knew our hands were too weak to rule them. Why should we have tried to be wiser than He, and to undertake duties He had not imposed? For all that He would not suffer a soul to be lost through our folly. The boy was not left to grow mature in sin or to die hardened, nor we to the agonizing conviction of his spiritual ruin lying at our door.

"This was our season of bitterest trial, and taught us to feel the incompleteness of this world. After it was over, our days again flowed on peacefully and lovingly, each brought some good and most sweet joy. We became very skilful in the cultivation of fruit and vegetables, and our garden supplied half our neighbours.

"And so it was, that a long series of years glided away, and we were already getting old, when my husband suddenly died. This blow I had never thought of. He had not been laid up at all, and scarcely seemed less well than usual. He was always rather given to doctoring himself, probably because he had been delicate from childhood, so that it seemed a thing of course that he should be slightly ailing, and a little more or less was not easily observed. It was a thunderbolt out of a cloudless sky when I so suddenly lost him. Then I discovered the whole extent of my love for him: that I had lived, as it were, in his life for nearly forty years: that he had been my father, my husband, my child—my all! And yet at first I could not estimate all that was buried in his grave. The village had become my world: I knew of none outside it. All my hope and consolation would have been in remaining there, with my dear trees, near my church, near his grave. The smallest room would have been enough for me, and I knew of one that suited perfectly. We had never saved any money; true, we had spent little on ourselves; but that people were aware of, and therefore they required the more, and we both were fond of giving, and so nothing could be put by. But when everything was sold, there was a small sum left; and besides, I had a claim on two widows' funds, and therefore hoped to be able to live on the proceeds. But the gentleman in office would not hear of it. He told me plump and plain that I was a stupid woman, and did not understand the case, and that when I had removed from the parsonage, and had everything to buy, I should have great difficulty in getting on; whereas, if I lived at B—, there were civil rights that I could have the benefit of. But I thought I should have died at the very idea of moving, and therefore had the courage to oppose him. 'Very well, try it,' said he; 'we shall soon see who is right.'

"Alas! he was right; but I will not go over all my sorrowful experience of how much kindness and consideration for me was buried in my husband's grave. I had to write and tell the guardian I could not

make the two ends meet; to which he replied, 'of course not,' and he would look me out a lodging in B—. Ah! that was a season of weeping, and the consolations of my neighbours about the firewood gratis, and other perquisites, only made me more wretched. I began to fancy they were tired of me, and were glad I was going away, which distressed me bitterly, yet made my nerves easier. When at length the parting came, my heart nearly broke. The trees were all in full blossom, but many eyes, too, were wet, and many an old woman said to me: 'I shall not know what to do with myself when you are gone. Here we shall never meet again, but please God we shall elsewhere, and perhaps before long. I am breaking every day, and you are dreadfully pulled down of late.'

"And now I found myself in a broad stony street, and knew no one but the guardian of the widow and orphans' fund; and if I chanced to see him, I always felt as if he were the bear out of the pit coming to devour me. It was ungrateful of me, too, for he had cared for me like a father—had taken this room, and put all I wanted into it, and at the same time admonished me sharply not to become a useless gadabout, as most of the pastors' widows who came to B— did. Alas! he meant well, but he little knew how wide of the mark he was. Timid by nature, and made more so by sorrow, I never made an acquaintance—nay, at first I never ventured out of my room, saw no trees, no flowers, heard no song of birds. I learnt then what is meant by dying of depression—of the feeling that you are forsaken by every living being, are nothing to anybody in all the world, made to live on without sympathy and without affection.

"And so for some terrible weeks I did live, and should soon have died, but that God in mercy put it into my head to bring some living thing or other into my room. I ventured as far as the market, and all at once found myself restored to a familiar world. I was acquainted with everything in the stalls, and accustomed to speak to country women. I bought a few flower-pots, and next my little bird, and later took to going daily to the market. That was my life, and when I got accustomed to walking about I soon found other places where I could enjoy trees and flowers, especially the beautiful churchyard and pleasure-gardens outside the town, where no one goes on working-days. And so I gradually got recon-

ciled to the town, but I made no acquaintance except the market-women, who were always kind to me.

"And so I lived a quietly happy life here, such as I did not believe it possible to know again: and if ever I fell into low spirits, my little bird would come and peck at me till I began to play with him. Then, I found my money go much further than in the country, for no one ever asked me for anything, so that sometimes I am ashamed of spending all upon myself, and think anxiously how I shall answer when God asks me what I have done for the poor. I have to confess to the guardian whenever he brings me my money, that I am far better off here than in Helmsvale. He never lets me off. He is a worthy man, but when I see him I never can help thinking of the bear in the pit. Once he invited me to dinner, but I am sure we were all equally glad when it was over. His wife is a smart, talkative lady, and I don't believe I got out ten words; and once back in my little room, I felt exactly as though I had been in the bear's den, and unexpectedly got out alive. I never was so stupid in my life. It is to be hoped they won't judge other pastors' widows by me; it would be wronging them greatly. But I am thankful no other invitations ever came, and I went on living in my quiet way, and very grateful for it to God, till He was pleased to visit me with this trial, and I found out that I could no longer get on alone. And now how grateful to Him ought I not to be for having sent me his good angels in my hour of need."

Such was the widow's tale, but not told in the course of one afternoon, for talking tired her, and yet it did her good. In her intensely quiet life she had garnered up much of thought and feeling, of which she was scarcely conscious. Her heart was over-full: our sympathy unlocked it, and it evidently cheered and refreshed her to tell us what she had experienced.

But she grew more and more feeble. I think hers was naturally a very fragile constitution; healthy so long as day passed after day in the same quiet uniformity, but incapable of sustaining a sudden shock. Perhaps, too, there may have been some latent constitutional disease, which the accident rapidly brought to a crisis.

She lived on a little while, but it seemed as if her life were all spiritual. She expressed herself far more fervently. Her feelings appeared more lively than in the first part of her illness. She spoke much of making a little journey to Helmsvale when she recovered. She had such an intense long-

ing after her beloved husband's grave, and she should like too to see how the trees had grown in the parsonage orchard, and whether there were any persons left who still remembered her. When I brought her home a present from any of the market-women, she still showed all a child's delight, and would almost weep for joy. But gradually, indeed, they ceased to remember her in the market. Everything gets forgotten at last; only to prevent her finding it out, I went on bringing her little gifts, as if from the women themselves, and each of them was a solace to her spirit.

It was the will of the Lord that she should die. One morning, just as the sun began to gild her little room, she gently slipped away, without even one deep-drawn breath; the bird alone, who was sitting on her pillow, witnessed her departure, fluttered wildly about her head, perched on her shoulder, sang as loudly as he could, as though he would waken her, and when he could not waken her drooped his wings and sat dull and listless in the same place without moving. In a few hours all his feathers looked rough, and in the evening when we were going to put him to roost as usual, we found he was gone to roost for ever; he lay dead on her shoulder where in life he had sat so constantly; he had followed his kind mistress; he could not endure to be without her loving care for a single day. It is but seldom man so clings to man. We miss and mourn each other, indeed; but hearts are not often torn to bleeding, to say nothing of their breaking outright.

Well, her loss left a large gap in my life too; a gap such as I seldom experienced, and for which my cousin, the guardian, took me severely to task. He could not, he said, comprehend my grieving thus after her: we were in no way related; not even in the same social circle; our acquaintanceship had not lasted for many months, therefore my depression was not natural, but affected, abnormal, sentimental: all the board of guardians of the orphan institution considered it in that light, and had discussed it with great disapprobation.

As the Pastor's Widow had no relations, no one took any notice of her death but the said board, who exactly filled the mourning-coach that followed her coffin. Thus her departure made no stir on earth; was passed over in utter silence. But so much greater was the joy in heaven of the angels who had long known and loved her, when she came to join them, and with them to bless and praise the Lord, as only they who are pure in heart may.

J. G.

From the Economist.

IS THE CATTLE PLAGUE SMALL-POX ?

THE opinion recently expressed by a physician, Dr. Parsons, that the cattle plague is in fact small-pox, seems to be attracting considerable attention, to say the least, amongst scientific medical observers. Now, whatever may be the result of the investigations Dr. Parsons' suggestion will produce, it is impossible to avoid an expression of disappointment that the English veterinary practitioners have not applied themselves with more purpose than they appear to have done to the examination of the symptoms and indications of the prevalent disease. If they had done so, instead of consigning every animal to slaughter in sheer despair, could they have missed the discovery—if such it be—made by the physician? If the disease be indeed the small-pox, its treatment and the manner in which it is communicated are by no means unknown. From the first appearance of the plague we apprehend panic, and helpless assertions of its incurable character, and our fears have in a great degree been justified by the event. It is imported, it is not amenable to curative treatment, seem to be the sum and substance of veterinary medical testimony on the subject. It is clear, however, that the public, and eventually the terror-stricken agricultural community, will not long remain satisfied with such conclusions.

Now an investigation of the plague with a view to ascertain whether it is or is not the small-pox presents something definite, and cannot fail to prove useful whatever be the result. Dr. Parsons says the animals which have died of the plague show small-pox-like pustules under the skin, and present other symptoms of that disease. He has been followed by Dr. Charles Murchison, a lecturer at the Middlesex hospital, who in a long and elaborate letter to the *Lancet*, indicates points of resemblance between the cattle plague and small-pox. He says, "The resemblance of rinderpest to small-pox is no new discovery, although latterly it has been lost sight of." Ramazzini, in his account of the cattle plague which pervaded Italy in 1711, suggests such resemblance, as does also Lancisi. Dr. Mortimer and other physicians refer to the cattle plague in this country of the middle of the last century, as exhibiting pustular eruption, and it has generally been referred to by subsequent writers as "an undoubted epizootic variola," and inoculation was recommended and practised by Dr. Layard. Dr. Murchison then describes the eruptions observed in cattle

afflicted with the existing plague, and adds, "the cutaneous eruption is not the only character in which rinderpest resembles small-pox. Its close resemblance, if not still more intimate relation to human variola, is borne out by the considerations he enumerates. Amongst these we may select the following:—
 1. Small-pox is the only acute contagious exanthem in man that assumes a pustular form. The eruption in rinderpest is also pustular. Any difference between the two may readily be accounted for by difference in the skin of man and cattle . . .
 3. The anatomical lesions of the two diseases are identical . . .
 4. In both diseases, a peculiar offensive odour is exhaled from the body, both before and after death.
 5. In both, the duration of the pyrexial stage is about seven or eight days.
 6. The two diseases resemble one another in their extreme contagiousness, and in the facility with which the poison is transmitted by fomites.
 7. Both diseases can be propagated by inoculation. This can be said with certainty of no other human malady than small-pox.
 8. In both diseases there is a period of incubation, which is shorter when the poison has been introduced by inoculation, than when it has been received by infection.
 9. Vaccinated persons are constantly exposed to small-pox poison with impunity; and with regard to rinderpest, there are numerous instances in which individual cattle, or entire herds, appear to have led charmed lives in the midst of surrounding pestilence." Upon these and other considerations he has stated, Dr. Murchison,—without insisting on the absolute pathological identity of rinderpest and variola,—recommends as tests, "to produce cow-pox in cattle by inoculating them on the one hand with vaccine lymph, and on the other with the matter of human variola, and afterwards to ascertain if they be proof against the prevalent plague, or if the course of rinderpest be thereby modified."

A case which seems to be strongly confirmatory of the above view is stated by Mr. Thomas Chambers, senior, assistant-surgeon to the London Surgical Home, who says:—"A week ago, December 27, I had to pay a professional visit at the house of a London dairyman. Before leaving the house Mr. B. asked if I should like to see his stock of cows, and, without waiting for a reply, he led the way to his sheds—two. They were large roomy buildings, well ventilated, and scrupulously clean. There I found 27 beautiful cows in the most perfect health. Mr. B. has not had a single case of disease of any kind in his sheds, although a neigh-

bour of his, having sheds within a cannon shot of Mr. B.'s, lost 80 cows in a fortnight in October last. I made particular inquiry as to whether he had adopted any prophylactic measures, with a view to protect his stock from an attack of the cattle disease. He replied that for several years past he has been in the habit of vaccinating every fresh cow on entering his sheds—old or young—and that since his adoption of this simple prophylactic measure he has not lost a single cow from any cause whatever. These evidences certainly justify a recommendation to the owners of cattle to have their stock vaccinated without loss of time.

A correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Post* says on this subject:—"After more than six months' careful and minute treatment and observation of the rinderpest, the medical faculty of the districts of Crewe and Nantwich, in Cheshire, have come to the unanimous resolution of treating the cattle plague as small-pox. During the week now ending, Mr. Bellyse and Dr. Vaughan, of Nantwich, and Dr. Lord, of Crewe, have vaccinated successfully large stocks, amongst which was that of Mr. D. Broughton, of Wistaston Hall, near Crewe. A very favourable report has just been made to us of their experiments. To this we may add the very important fact that in the very valuable stock of Mr. Trickett, of Rope, Cheshire, not a single case has occurred since the vaccination, whereas previously there had been fatal cases."

To these suggestive notices we may add the following particulars furnished by Mr. Charles P. Christie, the well-known brewer of Hoddesdon, Herts, of the successful treatment of three cases of the cattle plague:—"My stock consists of three young heifers, which lie in a small field about three quarters of a mile from Hoddesdon, and on Tuesday, the 12th of December, it was observed that one of them was unwell, would not feed, and had a slight discharge from the nose, and running from the eyes, together with purging. The following morning, finding the animal much worse, I sent a notice of it to the inspector, whose assistant came very promptly in the afternoon. He pronounced it to be one of the worst cases of rinderpest he had seen, and strongly urged me to slaughter it, and take every preventive measure with regard to the other two, one of which he also told me showed symptoms. I had in the meanwhile administered some gruel, and also provided some doses of chlorate of potash, and as my man had begun to doctor and nurse the animals, I resolved he should go on with

it, instead of having any professional help. The inspector then recommended me to give them plenty of old ale. We went on then with old ale warmed up with oatmeal, together with a little ginger, aniseed, treacle, and honey, giving it to them three times a day until two days ago. The first one recovered in about a week. The others sickened in turn, and one of them was for two days in a much worse state than the first one that was attacked; in fact she had such violent purging one day, that we substituted for one dose of the old ale, &c., three eggs and some brandy, and clothed her with an old blanket. However, the result is, that they have all got over it. They seem quite well, only a good deal thinner, and enjoy very much all the food that is given them. They only had chlorate of potash the first two days."

Here probably the symptoms were observed and dealt with in an earlier stage of the disease than is the case in more numerous herds.

From the Spectator.

SPIRITUALITY WITHOUT GOD.

A REMARKABLE article in the new number of the *Westminster Review* on the writings of Coleridge, an article evidently from the hand of one of the finest of living critics, and itself full of the flavour of genius, concludes with a suggestion, not made in the mood of profound melancholy which it is calculated to excite, but rather in that of pseudo-classical content, for keeping a religion while dismissing God. A suggestion the same in effect has been recently made by an eminent critic of M. Comte, and it is evident that some of the highest-minded of the modern humanists are beginning to hold and to teach, with this critic, that "religious belief, the craving for objects of belief, may be refined out of our hearts, but they must leave their sacred perfume, their spiritual sweetness, behind." Or, as he says elsewhere, "Longing, a chastened temper, spiritual joy, are precious states of mind, not because they are parts of man's duty or because God has commanded them, still less because they are means of obtaining a reward, but because, like culture itself, they are remote, refined, intense, existing only by the triumph of a few over a dead world of routine, in which there is no lifting of the soul at all. If there is no other world, art in its own in-

terest must cherish such characteristics as beautiful spectacles. Stephen's face, like 'the face of an angel,' has a worth of its own, even if the opened Heaven is but a dream:—which means, we suppose, that the power to dream of beautiful and unreal visions, to be clad in the glory of a false hope, is one which we ought to desire and cherish for its beauty, even though we know that it is a mere transitory flush of the spirit, which will shortly subside like the crimson from an evening cloud, and reveal the cold leaden colour behind it. Surely nothing can be less like "the Greek spirit, with its engaging naturalness, simple, chastened, debonair," which this critic describes (very falsely, we hope) as, for us of the present moment, "the Sangraal of an endless pilgrimage," than this attempt to foster artificially states of feeling of which the natural springs and sources are proclaimed to be imaginary or exhausted. To inculcate the culture of a feeling not because there is any proper object worthy of it, but because it is "remote, refined, intense, existing only by the triumph of a few over a dead world of routine in which there is no lifting of the soul at all," is surely the last vanity and infirmity of which human nature is capable, and so far from being a duty, resting, as our critic says, on the same basis as that of intellectual culture itself, it would be of an essentially opposite nature. The value of intellectual culture consists in opening to us all sorts of new and true shades of distinction, which are accessible to all who will travel the same path to find them. But feelings "that just gleam a moment and are gone," and can be defended only as being "remote, refined, intense," not as having any justification in a living object, whatever defence may be set up for them, cannot certainly be defended on the ground of belonging to the same sphere as true intellectual culture. Culture is desirable, for the same reason for which achromatic eyepieces are desirable to the astronomer, namely, as revealing true distinctions which we could not otherwise discriminate, or delicate phenomena which we could not otherwise study at all, and which may help to throw an additional light on the laws of the universe. But to produce for yourself voluntarily rare and delicate and arbitrary phenomena,—flashes of spiritual joy without an object, Auroras of the soul without any gleam of celestial light,—simply because such phenomena raise you above the common herd, and illustrate the triumph of life over dead routine, is a course of conduct which, so far from being

analogous to that of intellectual culture, would justify any spiritual attitudinizing, any swoon of solitary vanity, whether of extasy or anguish, of flushing or of pallor, any self-will of glorious but unfounded faith, such as the critic ascribes to St. Stephen, or of glorious but not unfounded despair, such as we may find throbbing through the exposed and quivering nerve of Shelley's passionate verse. If the critic in the *Westminster Review* be indeed the realist he professes, he will not ground his apology for religious emotion without faith on the essentially unreal plea that all emotions which are "remote, refined, intense," and which express the triumph of a few over "the dead world of routine," are good, and should be fostered for the sake of their rarity, intensity, and distinctiveness. We know of no plea more completely hollow, insincere, and, in a sense, even bad, than this. An aristocracy such as he would encourage, distinguished by rare and delicate blossoms of unreal sentiment, would be fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under the foot of man. We should feel even a sort of passion of severely just exultation in seeing the destruction of such an aristocracy of hollow refinement by the strong though coarse tread of the commonalty who are excluded by our critic from these "remote and refined" feelings. A spiritual joy that is not good for the multitude can be worth no more to the spirit, than an intellectual culture which is not good for the multitude can be worth to the intellect. All who have really understood the spiritual joy of which the *Westminster* critic speaks have claimed it for all men, and not exulted in it as the remote and refined distinction of a few. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," is the strain of the greatest prophet of this joy. The critic who claims it as an esoteric gift marking the spiritual rank of a few seems to us to know as little of its essence as he thinks that he or any one else can know of Him who has been discovered by the modern spirit *not* to be its source.

But the critic suggests, though he does not hold by, another justification for this spiritual emotion and "spiritual joy" for which he contends, which we readily admit to be far nobler than the one of which we have spoken. He says people accept in theology empty arguments which they would accept on no other subject, "because what chains men to a religion is not its claim on their reason, their hopes, or fears, but the glow it affords to the world, its 'beau ideal.' Coleridge thinks that, if we reject the

supernatural, the spiritual element in life will evaporate also, that we shall have to accept a life with narrow horizons, without disinterestedness, harshly cut off from the springs of life in the past. But what is this spiritual element? It is the passion for inward perfection, with its sorrows, its aspirations, its joy. These mental states are the delicacies of the higher morality of the few, of Augustine, of the author of the *Imitation*, of Francis de Sales; in their essence they are only the permanent characteristics of the higher life. . . . The life of those who are capable of a passion of perfection still produces the same mental states; but that religious expression of them is no longer congruous with the culture of the age. Still all inward life works itself out in a few simple forms, and culture cannot go very far before the religious graces reappear in a subtilized intellectual shape." This is nobler and doubtless more tenable than the other theory, for though, with instinctive exclusiveness of feeling rather odd in a *Westminster* reviewer, the critic still limits the "passion of perfection" to a few, by making it a desire for a *higher* life, and not for mere distinguishing rarities of feeling, he opens it to the many. And we should be the last to try and convince those who are unhappy enough to be blind to God, that therefore they ought to indulge no "passion of perfection" if they feel it stir within them. Even the Comtian who thinks he sees a law of historic development in human nature towards something nobler, and feels, he knows not why, the ardour of desire towards that nobler future, will not be challenged by any true Christian for believing so much, only because he does not believe more. If he really feels "the passion of perfection," the desire to reach a higher step in inward feeling himself, and to contribute his mite to the attainment of a yet higher level by those who succeed him after he has ceased to exist for ever, then we say that whether the Comtian philosophy explains those states of feeling truly or not, he is at least justified by the positivist theory in assuming these emotions as facts marking out the true direction of the historic law, and in fostering them also, if that seems to him the best kind of conformity to the historic law. Only we entirely deny the reviewer's position that this "passion of perfection" is itself the "spiritual element" of all true faith. The "passion of perfection" in its present form is mere aspiration, and no source of joy, though a rich source of sor-

row. The condition of feeling which this passion, taken alone and without faith, would really justify, is the last in the world which, if we understand him rightly, the reviewer seriously wishes to encourage. He admires and envies "the engaging naturalness, simple, chastened, debonair" of the Greek spirit. Now aspiration in its most ardent form, "the passion of perfection," without trust in the love of God and Christ, is a passion of pain. The *homo desideriorum* whom it tends to make is as far as possible from "the Greek spirit, with its engaging naturalness, simple, chastened debonair." A debonair "passion of perfection" is almost a contradiction in terms. Indeed, however the *Westminster* critic may talk of the religious graces reappearing in a "subtilized intellectual shape," it is perfectly clear that the joy of perfect trust, the profound self-abasement of conscious alienation from God, are just as little capable of "reappearing in a subtilized intellectual shape," if there be no personal object for such feelings, as is the warmth derived from a real sun, of "reappearing in a subtilized intellectual shape" when the sun is extinguished and shines no more. We do not deny — we earnestly maintain — that men who by no fault of their own have lost sight of God, still draw from Him the life and love which they may, if they choose, ascribe to the "subtilized intellectual" movements of their own intellects. So a blind man may rejoice in the sunlight, and yet maintain that because he is blind the sun does not exist, and that what he feels is the "subtilized intellectual" heat which other and coarser minds falsely attribute to an external object. But those who know that God besets them behind and before, and lays His hand upon them, though they may admit that what he gives to others "in a subtilized intellectual shape" is as much proof of His love as what He gives more openly, and without veiling Himself behind the complexities of a fine organization, will feel great compensation in the revealed personality which bestows the simpler gifts, for the delicacy and subtlety of those which are filtered through a network of refined labyrinthine perceptions that conceals the giver. There seems to us something more natural in turning away from spiritual subjects altogether, when once the natural focus of such subjects, God, disappears from the unhappy thinker's view, than in trying to warm himself still with the heat of feelings of which the intellectual justification has disappeared. A

greater mind than the reviewer's, in a state somewhat similar, though not so blank of all faith, wrote —

"It seems His newer will
We should not think at all of Him, but turn,
And of the world that He has given us make
What best we may."

Surely that is healthier and more natural than feeding on the "sacred perfume," the "spiritual sweetness" which departed faiths have left behind them, — healthier, and far more likely to restore the vanished faith.

The reviewer has an odd impression that all belief in an absolutely Righteous, an infinitely Holy God, destroys the *delicacy* of human insight, the finely graduated judgment for human moralities. "The relative spirit," he says, "by dwelling constantly on the more fugitive conditions or circumstances of things, breaking through a thousand rough and brutal classifications, and giving elasticity to inflexible principles, begets an intellectual finesse of which the ethical result is a delicate and tender justness in the criticism of human life." On the other hand, belief in the absolute has a tendency to petrify moral judgments into abstract principles which will not *fit* individual cases, and into harmony with which therefore individual cases are artificially clipped or bent, to the great injury of true justice; and he illustrates by the deplorable figure which Coleridge's life, judged by abstract morality, itself presents. We admit that what the critic calls the "relative spirit," that is, the spirit which believes in no absolute righteousness, is often lax, but we should certainly *not* have thought it "elastic." On moral subjects it is loose-fitting enough, but has not belief enough of any sort to care to adapt itself closely to the moral condition of individual natures. Mr. Lewes's life of Goethe may be fairly taken as a very good example of what the critic means by the purely "relative spirit" in its adaptation to the higher criticism. The result is not a "delicate and tender justness in the criticism of human life," but a lax absolution of that great man from almost all his sins, even those sins which "a tender and delicate justness" would be compelled to admit. The truth is that the purely "relative spirit" has no belief in either the free power of man to choose the higher part, or in a higher inspiration than its own to show it the higher part to choose. The spiritual elasticity which is concerned to adapt itself closely to the moral conflicts of man's life, in order to enter as fully as

may be into the highest phenomena of his spirit, does not exist for the purely "relative spirit," simply because it does not believe that they *are* the highest phenomena of his spirit, or indeed characteristic phenomena at all. The purely relative spirit which disbelieves in absolute righteousness disbelieves also in the special sacredness of duty, the special evil of sin.

And while our critic's criticism fails on this side in showing that the "relative spirit" does issue in a "delicate and tender justness," it fails still more conspicuously in showing that faith in an absolute righteousness hardens and petrifies the moral judgment, rendering it inflexible and "brutal" in its classifications. Was it our Lord, — who realized the absolute righteousness living in Him, as no human being before or since could possibly have realized it, and who in criticizing the moral evil in others — the woman taken in adultery for instance; or the woman who was a sinner — acted on His own precept, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," — was it He who failed in a "delicate and tender justness" in the criticism of human life, or rather the "relative spirit" of that day, the Sadduceeism which would have stoned Paul for believing in the resurrection? No doubt belief in a *dead dogma* may become the cruellest Pharisaism. But faith in a living Lord of absolute righteousness is probably the most softening, the most purifying, and ethereally delicate of the human influences which affect our judgment of others. Even M. Renan, — the great apostle of the "relative spirit," — has attributed this delicacy of moral appreciation in the highest measure to our Lord, and has remarked that his feeling for moral *nuances* was something quite new to the Oriental genius. And whence did this arise, if not in that infinite love for the Absolute righteousness and beauty which opened His eyes to the most delicate shades of loveliness, whether in the lily of the field or in the heart of man?

From the Spectator.

HAREM LIFE IN EGYPT.*

THERE is no problem in literature so difficult as to write on delicate things delicately, and Mrs. Emmeline Lott — if there be such

* *Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople.* By Emmeline Lott. In 2 vols, London: Richard Bentley. 1866.

a person — certainly has not solved it. She has tried very hard, with apparently most upright intentions, and she has failed, either because she has allowed some *littérateur* to write out her own experience in his language, or because she has simply mistaken the easiest mode of conveying the impression she nevertheless desires to convey. It is quite advisable, it is even at this moment necessary, that the inside of the harem life of Mohammedan Asia, the home life of a fourth of mankind, should be faithfully and honestly described, as faithfully and honestly as the interior life of Europe has been by a thousand pens. The world is less fixed in its belief in the superiority of monogamy than it should be, and can derive only benefit from a plain statement of the results of the rival system. A clear and distinct account of the social meaning, the true drift and working, of the Asiatic system, would be a distinct gain not only to ethics, but to the permanent convictions of civilization. It would settle, for instance, one way or the other, the latent doubt of the highest European caste whether monogamy is not an idea, an acceptable idea no doubt, or even an essential idea where pedigree is important, but still an idea, and not a principle, liable to be overridden for the sake of convenience, or even of enjoyment. Unfortunately, for English readers at all events, to describe harem life, *i. e.* polygamy in its ultimate and indeed necessary form, it is necessary to state certain facts which it is very hard to state in any form which is not, to English ideas, slightly or gravely, according to an infinitely varying opinion, mischievous. The only mode of accomplishing the feat is to be very plain and very simple, making the facts as clear as possible, and also as little suggestive. Lady Duff Gordon has in her letters from Egypt succeeded in doing this, succeeded, that is, in giving the truth of a civilization whose laws upon all sexual subjects differ from our own, though they are laws, without writing an objectionable book. Mrs. Lott — we assume from internal evidence that the "English governess" is married — has not so completely succeeded. Her book is thoroughly honest and upright. There is not in it a sentence which is not of itself well-principled, or is calculated to harm any human being not brought up in the belief that ignorance is innocence. It would strike a French woman, or still more an Italian woman, of the better class, as a slightly realistic but absolutely unobjectionable record of a very unusual and therefore very valuable experience. It is a coarse book nevertheless, one well worth

the reading of educated men, but one which we should by no means recommend for households indiscriminately. The authoress, as we have said, is clearly honest, and desirous only to state facts, and has a wish not only to make those facts enticing, but to make them as unsavoury as she well can, but she does not know precisely how to do it. Instead of being very direct and very simple, she is very plain and *not* very simple, but addicted to shrouding statements quite needful to her objects in language which arouses the very sense of annoyance she wishes to avoid. We wish we could give the best and easiest proof of her mismanagement in this respect, but perhaps a still better proof is that we hesitate. Writing for educated men, and not for girls, we cannot accuse ourselves of over prudery, and with adequate reason to assign would set the conventional laws very distinctly at defiance. And nevertheless, the fact that upon one of the simplest points of manners and hygiene Oriental civilization differs absolutely from Western civilization, is in this book so clumsily stated that we decline to quote the statement as it stands. Upon another question our refusal is more absolute. The whole of the allusions to the "guardians of the harem" have obviously and certainly been written by a man, and are in the very worst possible taste, in one or two passages almost disgusting. The fact of the employment of these men is really important, as displaying the grand secret of Oriental life, that the restrictions upon women do not arise in the faintest degree from the sentiment which in the West is called modesty, but the fact is sufficient without the, to say the least, annoying repetition in this book. Two or three paragraphs besides have a sort of nursery plainness, quite harmless but not usual in English, and on the whole, while availing ourselves of the author's experience, we recommend her book only to those careful to know the bad side of Oriental polygamy. Of the good side she says nothing and saw nothing, nor are we acquainted with any book which really describes it, except perhaps *The Camp, the Mission, and the Zenana*, and the accomplished authoress of those much abused volumes errs as much upon the side of reticence.

Mrs. Lott was employed for some months by Ismael Pacha as governess to his son, or rather as English teacher, and in that capacity accompanied his household on a visit to Constantinople. Of course she saw the interior of harem life, and her impression of it is what the impression of a nurse-

ry governess slightly above the average was sure to be, — that it was very magnificent, very uncivilized, a little disgusting, and unbearably uncomfortable. There were jewels without end and without end jealousies, glorious halls and squalid bedrooms, infinite wealth and nothing fit to eat, luxury of a kind beyond measure and no civilization. This, for instance, is a description of one chamber, or rather *appartement* — curious that English has no equivalent for that word — in one of the many Viceregal palaces in Egypt.

"As soon as I had joined the little Prince, who waited patiently while I explored the chamber, we opened a door on the right hand, passed through a small marble paved hall in which stood four life-size statues, each holding gilt lamps in their hands, which led us into the Viceregal Bedchamber. It was a noble-looking room, covered with a handsome Brussels carpet, with black ground and thickly studded with bouquets of variegated flowers of almost every hue. The whole was scrupulously clean. The gilt-iron bedstead was surmounted with gilded knobs, as also the foot and head plates. The mosquito curtains were of fine crimson silk gauze bespangled with gold crescents. The washhand-stand was of pure white marble, with ewer, basin, and the other usual appendages, of beautifully painted Sèvres china, the bouquets on which were artistically executed, and matched the carpet admirably. A large pier-glass hung down from the ceiling. The divan (which was rather diminutive in comparison to those generally placed in the apartments of Turkish dwellings) and chairs were covered with crimson silk bespangled with gold crescents. The toilet-table, on which were placed His Highness's toilet requisites, all of solid gold, inlaid with most valuable precious stones, was covered with a similar cloth. The ebony cabinet was inlaid with gold, and costly jewels, on each side of which stood two silver branch candelabras holding a dozen transparent coloured wax candles; and in the centre was placed His Highness's jewel casket, a perfect gem of the same material, richly inlaid. The walls were covered with crimson paper, embossed with gold crescents. The ceiling was beautifully painted with Turkish and Egyptian landscapes. The chimney piece was of white marble, and the handsome, elegant bronze stove on the spotless white marble hearth was constructed in the form of a kiosk. Then we proceeded through a door that was left wide open into another chamber similarly fitted up, except that the furniture was of yellow satin bespangled with silver crescents, which was invariably occupied by that *Ikkal*, 'favourite,' whom the Viceroy from time to time delighted to honour. This was the guests' chamber, and the history of its occupants would form a singular addition to the annals of Egyptian history. The beds in both these rooms were encased in richly figured satin,

which matched the hangings of each apartment."

There are twenty or thirty descriptions like this alternated with others of filthy rooms, bad food, and that kind of squalor which seems peculiar to Asiatics, the squalor, namely, which is indulged in as a relief from oppressive splendour. The ladies of the harem, for example, never received their lord except in the richest attire, but they lived by themselves dressed in a medley of morning wrappers and diamonds, and their chief, the first wife, whose rule was absolute, superintended her laundresses, "shoeless, stockingless, with her hair hanging loosely about, and the sleeves of her dirty cotton wrapper tucked up to the shoulders and there tied."

"One morning, when I returned from the gardens into which I had been strolling for a short time, I entered the Grand Pacha's reception room, and there I beheld one of the most extraordinary scenes imaginable. It was one of those nondescript tableaux to which only a Hogarth could have done justice. My feeble pen-drawing must necessarily fall very short of the original; for there were their Highnesses the Princesses, squatted on the carpet amidst a whole pile of trunks, most of which were much deeper than carriage imperials — a host of portmanteaus and carpet bags of small and large dimensions — jewel cases and immense red leather sacks capable of holding from six to eight mattresses. They were all attired in filthy dirty crumpled muslins, shoeless and stockingless, their trousers were tucked up above their knees, the sleeves of their paletots pinned up above their elbows, their hair hanging loosely about their shoulders, as rough as a badger's back, totally unencumbered with nets or handkerchiefs, but, pardon me, literally swarming with vermin! no Russian peasants could possibly have been more infested with live animals. In short, their *tout ensemble* was even more untidy than that of hardworking washerwomen at the tubs; nay, almost akin to Billingsgate fishwomen at home, for their conversation in their own vernacular was equally as low. They all swore in Arabic at the slaves most lustily, banged them about right and left with any missile, whether light or heavy, which came within their reach."

The same lady, however, revelled on State occasions in rings with diamonds in them "almost as large as the Koh-i-noor since it has been cut," and our fairer readers will thank us for this minute description of the State dress worn by the second wife on her visit to the Sultan's harem: —

"Her Highness the Princess Epouse wore a

most superb thick white *moiré-antique* silk robe, with a long train, trimmed with handsome point Alençon lace, having rich ruffles of tulle and pink artificial daisies all around it. The body and sleeves were also trimmed with silver ribbon and daisies. The *bertha* was composed of rich lace, ribbons, and daisies. Her slender waist was encircled with a *ceinture* composed of sapphires and diamonds. On her arm she wore diamond bracelets. Around her neck was clasped a superb diamond necklace. Her head was adorned with a tiara of diamonds, arranged in the shape of Indian wheat, the weight of which was very great. An immense branch, forming a geranium flower in full blossom, composed of opals, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, amethysts, formed the stomach-acher of her dress. A pink satin Turkish cloak, with sleeves and cape, was placed on her shoulders. Her face was covered with a rich Brussels lace veil, one end of which was placed over the head, and the other end crossed over the mouth and nose, passed round the back of the neck, and tucked down behind the cloak. Her feet were encased in white silk stockings, white satin shoes, richly embroidered with coloured silks, pearls, and gold and silver thread, with high gold heels, over which she wore a pair of yellow morocco *papooches*, 'slippers.' In her hand she held a rich pink silk parasol, lined with white satin, trimmed with a deep silver fringe, with a gold handle, inlaid with a great variety of precious stones. On her fingers were a large yellow diamond and a beautiful sapphire ring. Her Grand Eunuch held over her head a handsome large pink silk umbrella."

The odalisques are seldom educated, are in an English woman's opinion fearfully indelicate, — though some of this must be set down to the cardinal rule of Oriental speech — "Nothing natural can be indelicate," — are incessantly intriguing against each other and the wives, and are, strange to say, hungry for money, of which some of them possess large sums. They were kind enough to the English governess when they understood her, and made her a sort of universal referee upon Frankish customs, and of course the lower women followed their example. Indeed, though Mrs. Lott complains repeatedly of her treatment, she records frankly a little incident which to any one acquainted with the East speaks volumes as to her position. The Heir Apparent's head nurse never took a backshish without compelling her to accept three-fourths, without assigning her, that is, the rank a *gouvernante* would hold in a European royal family. Her orders seem latterly never to have been disobeyed, yet she was compelled, as she repeatedly complains, to fight for a European chair, bedstead,

and commode, and her impressions before and after her frank reception among the ladies of the harem were as unfavourable as those recorded in this extract: —

"There I was, totally unacquainted with either the Turkish or Arabic tongues; unaccustomed to the filthy manners, barbarous customs, and disgusting habits of all around me; deprived of every comfort by which I had always been surrounded; shut out from all rational society; hurried here and there, in the heat of a scorching African sun, at a moment's notice; absolutely living upon nothing else but dry bread and a little pigeon or mutton, barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Compelled to take all my meals but my scanty breakfast (a dry roll and cup of coffee) in the society of two clownish, disgusting, German peasant servants; lacking the stimulants so essentially necessary for the preservation of health in such a hot climate; stung almost to death with mosquitoes, tormented with flies, and surrounded with beings who were breeders of vermin; a daily witness of manners the most repugnant, nay, revolting, to the delicacy of a European female — for often have I seen, in the presence of my little Prince,

"A lady of the Harem, not more forward than all the rest,
Well versed in Syren's arts, it must be confessed,
Shuffle off her garments, and let her figure stand revealed
Like that of Venus, who no charms concealed!"

Surrounded by intriguing Arab nurses, who not only despised me because I was a Howadji, but hated me in their hearts because, as a European lady, I insisted upon receiving, and most assuredly I did receive, so far as H.H. the Viceroy and their H.H. the Princesses, the three wives, were concerned, proper respect. The bare fact of my being allowed to take precedence of the inmates of the Harem, even of the *Ikbals*, 'favourites,' galled them to the quick; and there is no doubt but they were at that time inwardly resolved to do their utmost to render my position as painful as possible, nay, even untenable. Then my only companions were the ladies of the Harem, whose appearance I have already described as being totally at variance with that glowing myth-like picture that Tom Moore gives of retired beauty, so erroneously supposed to be caged within the precincts of the *Abodes of Bliss*, in his exquisite poem of *Lalla Rookh*; for therein I failed to find

"Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!"

They were composed of the old *Ikbals*, favourites of Ibrahim Pacha, and some of those who had ceased to rank as such, or, as the slaves emphatically termed it, to *please* the 'Baba Ef-
endimir.'"

She rather liked the little Prince, however, who had the making of a man in him, ruined by early absolutism. No order he gave at six years old was ever resisted. He flung red-hot coals in slaves' faces with the most perfect impunity, and tore out the lips of one of his half-sisters with no consequence save a sudden order from his mother that the sufferer should kiss the hem of his robe. His favourite pursuit was to play at banking and drilling the little slaves, two games curiously illustrative of the unique position occupied by the Pachas of Egypt, the greatest merchant princes on the globe. He and his sisters ate with gold spoons and their fingers out of a tray, which looked afterwards like the tray of remnants carried out of a dirty cook-shop. The badness of her diet ultimately drove Mrs. Lott out of the harem, just as she had become reconciled to a position which was, we imagine, not without considerable pecuniary profit. The impression left by her whole book is that a great Asiatic harem is a microcosm of Asia, splendour and squalor, luxury and discomfort, adventure and monotony, licence and slavery, so inextricably commingled that no account ever reveals more than half the truth.

From the Spectator.

POETICAL SELECTIONS.*

THE strong impulse which almost all people who love poetry, and are not themselves poets, feel to select their *own* selection of poems is curious enough. The dislike to using the selections of others, even when they are as indisputably good as the *Golden Treasury* of Mr. Palgrave, or the *Children's Garland* of Mr. Coventry Patmore, is not unlike the dislike to wearing another person's coat, or gown, or under-garments. Men's and women's imaginations weave for themselves a sort of poetical vesture that suits their own wants and expresses their own hearts; they search in vain in the collections of others for the poems that strike the most musical chord in their own minds, and not finding it, they fret and are as un-

comfortable as is the body in wearing another person's dress. Either it will not fit because it was meant for persons of different figure and height, or if it fits, it will not suit, because the worsted or flannel which keeps one person in a comfortable glow chafes the skin of another into a fever. So it is also with the poetical dress of those who do not, like poets, make their own, as silkworms weave their own cocoons. Teachers cannot bear to use another person's selection of poetry, nor even readers to see pieces they do not care for, or dislike, extracted at great length, while their own private treasures are ignored. But the curious thing is that though they cannot satisfy themselves with other persons' selections, they almost always start with the purpose of making other persons love their own; and in order to do this will even sacrifice to some extent that dominant taste of theirs which led them to prepare a special selection for their separate use. Thus the editor of the beautiful selection of poems called, somewhat artificially we think, *Poems of the Inner Life*, admits that he has included a number which he would not otherwise have included, and excluded of course in consequence some of his own more special favourites, on the false idea of being catholic. "I have purposely avoided applying any very rigid personal test, that might make the whole contents of the volume too closely conformable to my own especial taste and feeling." In other words, he has purposely avoided applying strictly the only principle of unity that he had to apply. If he were to include all poems to which a cultivated taste could assign a real merit bearing on spiritual thoughts and feelings, his collection would have been made, we suppose, in ten thick volumes instead of one thin one. The only sort of sifting principle he had to apply was the sieve of personal liking,—and he feared to apply it thoroughly, lest it should result in not gaining the wide suffrage for his book which he desired. That is, he included some poems he did not very much care for, as a sort of bait to people who do not care very much for his own favourites to read them and learn to like them. "You shall have this dirge of Felicia Hemans," we can imagine him saying to himself, "which is, however, not really very good, as a tribute to your own private prejudices, in order that it may inspire you with some respect for the editor's taste, and so lead you to admire this one of Henry Vaughan's, which I myself enjoy above everything." We must say we think the editor has made a mistake in a selection of

* *Poems of the Inner Life*. Selected chiefly from Modern Authors. Sampson Low.

this sort in not applying rigidly the only test he had to apply. It was not as if the volume were meant for use in religious services. Then no doubt a much more external test—the test of general acceptance—would have been legitimate. But such selections as these exist in abundance, and the only *raison d'être* of a new one, is the existence of a new intensity of personal love for the poems it includes. It is most likely that “R. C. J.” has not only sacrificed his own judgment wherever he has included a poem as a bait to the popular taste which he did not himself particularly admire, but done so without succeeding in netting so many admirers for his book as he would otherwise have had. However, the selection is unquestionably a fine one, and includes many poems that are not familiar to ordinary English readers. As a matter of course, the present reviewer resents the inclusion of some, and feels profoundly how much better the space would have been occupied by others that are neglected; but there are none without some beauty, and a large number, if not most of them, are really fine poems. Here is one little known to the English public, and with a dash of mysticism in it, but which has always struck us as worthy of a poet of the first order. It is by the late Mr. W. C. Roscoe:—

“SYMBOLS OF VICTORY.

- “Yellow leaves on the ash-tree,
Soft glory in the air,
And the streaming radiance of sunshine,
On the leaden clouds over there.
- “At a window a child’s mouth smiling,
Overhung with tearful eyes
At the flying rainy landscape
And the sudden opening skies.
- “Angels hanging from heaven,
A whisper in dying ears,
And the promise of great salvation
Shining on mortal fears.
- “A dying man on his pillow
Whose white soul fled to his face,
Puts on her garment of joyfulness
And stretches to Death’s embrace.
- “Passion, rapture, and blindness,
Yearning, aching, and fears,
And faith and duty gazing
With steadfast eyes upon tears.
- “I see, or the glory blinds me
Of a soul divinely fair,
Peace after great tribulation,
And victory hung in the air.”

We should add that the volume is beautifully printed, and that the little ornamental vignettes at the close of the poems are full of grace and spirit.

From the Saturday Review, 13 Jan.

AMERICAN SYMPATHIES.

WE have lately been favoured with several expositions of the sentiments with which Americans generally regard the nations of the Old World. In the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Conway has given a curious picture of their view of the relative merits of France and England. The result at which he arrives cannot be called satisfactory. The Americans might, he says, be forced into a war in order to turn the French out of Mexico; but it would be a war to which the whole current of popular sentiment would be opposed. On the other hand, should any circumstances provoke a war with England, they would go into it with enthusiasm. It would gratify the whole body of the nation, with the exception of that class—insignificant in number in all countries—whose policy is dictated rather by reason than by passion. The great majority would snatch, with unmixed pleasure, at any pretext for fighting and, if possible, humiliating England. This amiable temper has of course been aggravated, and in some classes produced, by our attitude in the late contest. Whatever ground they may have had for the belief, Americans undoubtedly did believe that Englishmen all but unanimously rejoiced in the dangers of the great Republic, gloated over their misfortunes, and were generally convinced that those misfortunes were only a righteous punishment for their manifold shortcomings. It might have been more Christian to forgive such feelings, supposing them to have existed, but it was certainly more natural to retaliate them. And, whether right or wrong, we must be prepared for the simple fact, that a good many grudges have been accumulated against this country in the last few years, which our scrupulous neutrality was unable to avert, and which Americans would be only too glad to satisfy before they have had time to die out. At the same time, a similar contrast between France and England had been familiar to the popular mind in America long before the war. There was a certain vein of sentiment, which was worked principally to obtain ma-

materials for after-dinner speeches, about Englishmen and Americans being of the same blood, having a common interest in Shakspeare and Bacon, and both enjoying the right of trial by jury, the *habeas corpus*, and other themes of conventional oratory. But this was chiefly confined to the most educated classes; and there was very little cordiality wasted by the masses upon this Transatlantic affections. There are certain very obvious reasons which go to explain this unpleasant tendency to set us down as the least favoured nation, and which are worth notice as illustrating the value of the judgments passed by different countries upon each other.

An American writer has said that when two people are talking together there are really six people concerned in the dialogue. In the first place, there are the true A. and B. who are conversing; then there is the hypothetical A., who exists only in A.'s own imagination, and the very different A., who exists only in the imagination of B. Adding two similar duplicates of B., we get the whole number of six. This, which holds true of individuals, is still more conspicuously true in the relations of different nations. For the imaginary being, who stands for a whole people to the mind either of one of his component units or to one of the other race, has fewer features of the original than our mental picture of another man. The John Bull who stands to many foreigners, and even to some Englishmen, as the concrete embodiment of our peculiarities is derived from an almost extinct variety of a breed which was never numerous; and the mere habit of representing a nation by such an imaginary type is in itself misleading. It is one reason why people constantly forget what a very large number thirty million is, and consequently what a wonderful variety of circumstances and characters are certain to be included in thirty millions of human beings. A whole nation can be thus lumped together, and be made a much more convenient butt for insult and resentment, and can have all sorts of evil motives and passions attributed to it with much more facility, than if one really remembered to what a very complex set of phenomena the word "nation" corresponds. Thus the Americans keep a kind of dummy, which combines all the real and supposed demerits of three generations of Englishmen. When Mr. Quilp wished to give some vent to his dislike of Kit Nubbles, he selected an old figure-head with some vague resemblance to Mr. Nubbles' features, and in his leisure moments belaboured it with a po-

ker, drove nails into its eyes, and otherwise expressed the sentiments with which the original inspired him. Every American stump orator keeps in his repertory some such hideous image, to be assaulted in public as the representative of England. It is easy to discover the materials from which this misshapen doll has been patched up. They are the products of all the passions that have been excited during the last ninety years. Every quarrel has brought its additional touches of ugliness to the picture. England has served of necessity to round every period about military glory or about national independence — two topics which no nation can do without. Perhaps we never oppressed the Americans very badly, and they never beat us very gloriously; but if you have not got a Waterloo and a Duke of Wellington, a New Orleans and a General Jackson must serve the turn; and if there is no Alba to denounce, George III. sounds just as well in a popular oration. Hence a good framework was made for the popular dummy out of a mixture of the brutal oppressor and the defeated enemy. As the efforts of American diplomacy could not often be directed against anybody else, a number of touches were easily supplied from the Continental fancy portraits of perfidious Albion. The effect of the whole was heightened by the contributions of imported Irish artists, whose powers of imagination have been signally exerted in delineations of the Saxon oppressor. And it is not wonderful if, on the whole, the John Bull of English admirers of themselves was represented by a very hideous and appalling scarecrow on the other side of the Atlantic. When a half-educated American spoke of England, he really spoke of the figure projected upon his imagination by the accumulated abuse and irritation of all the quarrels in which his national pride had been concerned. And the constant intercourse and identity of language of the two countries kept its colouring bright. The equally imaginary Frenchman was necessarily depicted in much less lively colours. There had been comparatively no friction between the two countries to produce such an explosion of vituperative eloquence. France stood in the background behind England, and, chiefly in compliance with the necessities of art, was made to serve as a foil to our manifold atrocities. It is always pleasant to talk of national gratitude and traditional alliances, if only as an oratorical relief to a monotony of denunciation; and it is especially pleasant when there is no prospect of the gratitude being severely tested. Gratitude is

generally out of place in any question of international policy, because it is generally the duty of a nation to act entirely with a view to its own interests, and because there is a tolerable certainty that its neighbours have done the same. We are apt in this, as in other cases, to be misled by a false analogy with the relations. It is desirable *primâ facie* to return a good service done by one man to another, because there is at least a presumption of its having been prompted by goodwill. But, as between nations, no such presumption exists. Nothing can be plainer than that France helped America in the War of Independence, exclusively with a view to injuring England. She had not the slightest intention of founding a great republic, and if her statesmen could have foreseen the reaction upon their own system, they would probably have done the colonies no service, even at the price of doing us no harm. It was, therefore absurd to set up any claim for gratitude, as, indeed, Washington very sensibly and emphatically remarked. But there was so much pleasure in dilating on the heroic Lafayette and on generous national sympathies and hereditary alliances, that such a claim was, in fact, very effectually established. The French had such a hold upon the sympathies of the democratic party that, even after acts of warfare had been committed, the two nations contrived to remain at peace; whereas England was forced into the second war, even after the most substantial grounds of quarrel had been removed. There is another rather curious point about this sentiment. Such men as Jefferson continued to the despotism of Napoleon the sympathy which they had originally given to the revolutionists as apostles of popular authority. This seems to imply the existence of an instinct which still contributes to the preference of France over England. The portraits of the "bloated aristocrat" are principally drawn from English society. The democratic sentiment is stimulated more by a hatred of privileged classes than by a dislike to strong central power; and perhaps the English House of Peers may be a greater mystery of iniquity to the popular American mind than even the Napoleonic absolutism. But this is doubtless a secondary consideration; for it comes to much the same thing to a stump orator whether he denounces the people as slaves to a brutal despot or as minions of a corrupt aristocracy. Distinctions of such a refined nature about nations so far off are not worth considering.

The mainspring for the partiality for

France is probably, therefore, the reaction from the hatred to England. The popular instinct imitates a Machiavellian policy, in seeking for an ally against its most obnoxious adversary. We have the honour of appearing in the diabolic character, whilst France stands dimly hovering behind us in a semi-angelic attitude. During the late war, indeed, when France and England were for the time partners in villany, Russia was introduced as the happy contrast, and certain delicate flirtations showed that Americans could swallow a good strong dose of despotism if it intervened on the right side. But the tendency to restore to France its ancient standing is evident. One man may, we know, steal a horse, when another may not look over a gate. And France is allowed for a time to lay a hand upon Mexico, when England would have been very summarily sent to the right-about. If England, as Mr. Conway says, had been the unlucky intruder, we should have been at war before this time. As it is, our cousins are content with carefully storing up all our omissions and commissions, with a view to future possibilities, whilst they are only too anxious to forgive and forget all that our troublesome neighbour may have done, if he will just keep his hands off in future.

That the prevalence of such sentiments is dangerous, and might at any moment become a serious calamity, is undeniable. Meanwhile, there is one comfort. There is a very wide difference between lashing your whipping-post at home, and actually carrying out your benevolent intentions against the nation of which he is the representative. When war becomes a contingency seriously contemplated, instead of a mere threat, a more genuine likeness sometimes comes out behind the conventional caricature. We look a little more carefully at our antagonist, and take his measure with some reference, though often a very vague reference, to facts. It is thus a longer way than we sometimes think from the prejudices of a nation to its expression of those prejudices by actual force of arms. No people is really quite foolish and wicked enough to go to war with another merely because it has taken a dislike to it. On the contrary, the most violent hostility of spirit is far less important than a very trifling cause of jealousy, although it makes much more noise. The fact is, that we exaggerate the space which we occupy in the minds of a foreign nation. Nine out of ten of the statements we hear about them refer to their sentiments about ourselves, and we

insensibly come to imagine that nine out of ten of their thoughts have reference to the same subject; whereas the number of people in any country who have even an effectual belief in the existence of other human beings beyond their own frontiers is not great, and the number who possess any vivid conception of them is smaller still. As population increases in the more remote American States which have little contact with the Europeans, there will be a larger proportion of men who simply care nothing for foreign politics. And, if it would be rash to hope that they will ever substitute a less hideous and distorted image for their present ideal Englishman, they will at least become more inclined to let it alone, and grow tired of abusing their plaything. No doubt any wound inflicted upon the national vanity, in its present state, would be more than usually apt to fester; but, if special causes of irritation do not turn up, the danger will probably tend to diminish rapidly.

From the Saturday Review.

LUCKY FRIENDS.

IF Rochefoucauld's celebrated maxim, that the misfortunes of our friends are never entirely disagreeable to us, be true, it is an obvious corollary that rare and peculiar good fortune on the part of the same friends is never wholly satisfactory to us. It is of no use complaining of the manifest cynicism of remarks of this kind. They are cynical inasmuch as they draw attention to a very ugly and unamiable side of human nature. The only question worth discussing is whether that ugly side exists. If it is all pure calumny, if the average of men are free from all taint and suspicion of selfishness and meanness, then to concoct terse epigrams which ascribe these qualities generally to mankind is doubtless a very unworthy occupation. It is highly probable that such epigrams would be far less frequent if they were utterly absurd and purposeless. And it is worth considering whether those who are for ever drawing sublime and angelic pictures of human nature, declaring as a great statesman recently did—and with about the same amount of sincerity and point—that they at least are on the side of the angels, are really so usefully and honourably employed as they would have us think. It may be very noble, and to some people very com-

forting, to dwell in a general way exclusively on the brighter qualities of the human heart; but the man whose wife has just bolted with his bosom friend may be excused if he maintains that there is a time for all things, and that a goody philosophy is not the thing for him at that particular moment. On the contrary, his temporary tastes lie exactly in the opposite direction. He wants a philosophy which, without being palpably untrue, shall represent human nature in a rather odious light. He is immovably convinced that it deserves to be so represented. It is true he is angry, and disposed to generalize, and to call "all" men knaves and traitors when he should have said only "some." But who can wonder at this under the circumstances? The two specimens of the human species with whom he was most nearly related, and in whom he placed most trust, have unscrupulously deceived and betrayed him. Go and talk amiable moonshine to him, and he cannot but think you either a fool or an impostor. He may be very unphilosophical, but so are you. He ignores one set of facts; you ignore another set. He says men are liars and humbugs; you simper out that this sweeping condemnation of mankind is quite dreadful, that no man is so bad as not to have some good in him, and that the good, the noble, the generous is what we should fix our eyes upon. He probably meets your sugary platitudes with a few trenchant epigrams which men of talent have made expressly to be used on occasions of this sort. The enunciation of these biting truths is a delicious relief to him. As Caligula wished for a humanity with one neck which he might luxuriously twist at his leisure, so the furious husband longs to say something that will pierce and slay and scarify all men (and all women, too, for the matter of that) with one fell epigram. Compact cynical remarks like those of Rochefoucauld are exactly what he wants. And when you object to his free use of them, you are likely to be losing your pains unless you can prove that he had no wife, that she did not run away from him, and that his best friend did not take her. That is to say, unless you expunge from existence certain manifest notorious facts known to you and to him and all the world, it is idle to exclaim against that peculiar class of aphorisms which collect and condense these facts into a small compass fit for daily use.

As regards the particular specimen of cynical remark with which we started—namely, that men generally do not like to see very great and, as they think, unde-

served good luck befall their friends—we consider it to be, with proper limitations, indisputably true. We say distinctly “good luck,” not honest success in life won by hard meritorious effect. Most men are generous enough not to envy the latter, or wise enough to keep their feelings very quiet if they do. But those rich windfalls which occasionally hoist a rather dull apathetic man several degrees above his hard-working companions are seldom seen without dislike, or mentioned without a sneer. For instance, the inducing an heiress to marry you is always more or less resented—more rather than less. All rivalry and wounded vanity apart, when Jones succeeds in doing this, it is regarded by Smith and Brown and Robinson as a very questionable, not to say shabby, transaction. They may never have seen the girl. She may have been Jones’s cousin with whom he played when they were children down in the country. There was never the remotest chance that they could have won her. Still, what was there in Jones that she should go and marry him? He was plucked at College, and had stuck hopelessly fast at the Bar; and now the fellow is putting up for the county, and is safe, through the influence of his wife’s property, to get in. It shows—what somebody indeed had remarked before—that Jones was not the easy good fellow he appeared to be, but that at bottom there was something of the sneak in him. It is true that poor Jones all this time is doing his very utmost to conciliate his old friends, and induce them to forgive him his good luck. But they can only half do it even when they try hard, which they do not often do. He declares there shall be no change in his old relations with them, that they must all come down in September for the shooting, and that they will all be jollier than ever. He is a deluded man, and finds it out in time. Shooting, indeed! when Robinson’s tailor will not be induced to trust him for another shooting-coat, and Brown would have to appear with his old muzzle-loader among the breech-loading swells he would be sure to meet at Jones’s. The latter hinted there were plenty of guns; but that only showed his natural want of delicacy, which wealth had increased. And even if they do manage to get over their sulks, and go down to be introduced to Jones’s wife, it is in a grim, defiant humour, and with the set determination not to be pleased. Brown confides in the sympathetic ear of Robinson that,

as for Mrs. Jones, he (Brown) would not have her for all her money ten times over. Robinson declares he was just going to say the very same thing. They both agree that Jones has grown detestably conceited and bumptious, and notice that, with all his riches, he was odiously mean. The wine could be drunk by no man who valued his health, and there was not a horse in the stables fit to be ridden. And the company, too; did any one ever see such a set of pompous, empty-headed dullards? The whole place also, it was found, had an air of ceremony and buckram which was very offensive. When it was hinted that Mrs. Jones—who, however, was very meek, and said nothing about it—preferred that pipes and tobacco should be confined as much as possible to the billiard and smoking-rooms, Brown shrugged his shoulders, and hoped something terrible might befall him before he would be henpecked in that way.

Of course, the forms of luck are as various as the men who get shares of it. Perhaps, in the above instance, we have adverted to the most unpopular form of all. The essence of unpopular luck is that it shall be considerable, and apparently all but entirely undeserved. For this reason the hymeneal type is exceptionally odious. Still the popular taste is not any more consistent in this than it is in a number of other cases. Some forms of luck are, as it were, privileged. If you are the son of a bishop or the nephew of a Lord Chancellor, it is considered to be quite in the order of nature that several fat things should sooner or later fall to you. You would be rather pitied than otherwise if they did not. And yet to be a bishop’s son, or even to be a bishop yourself, is not much less a freak of good fortune than to succeed in carrying off an heiress. There is a certain flunkiness about both. No man by dint of steady industry and self-denial can make himself a bishop’s son, and it is by no means certain that those virtues will always make him a bishop. Certain qualities are doubtless necessary to ensure either matrimonial or episcopal luck. It has been said, as regards the first, that three things are needed, namely, opportunity, importunity, and propinquity; these three, but the greatest of these is opportunity. Opportunity—that is the lucky element which nothing will replace, and which men find it so hard to forgive. Yet it cannot be denied that in the captivation of a mitre, as compared with the captivation of an heiress, opportunity is less, and importunity and the persevering

virtues are more. Hence, possibly, the less objectionable character which the former kind of success generally bears.

We by no means wish to maintain that a lucky man's friends are always envious, and that he always bears his honours with due meekness. Such a view would imply ignorance both of the world and of human nature. But we do maintain that the lucky man has very often much harder measure dealt to him than he would have if he were not lucky. His foibles are put under a microscope, and his virtues are ignored or taken for granted without thanks. He must not only come up to, he must exceed, the ordinary standard, to be pardoned at all. If he is inclined to be generous and open-handed, people say "And so he ought to be, he has got plenty." If he is the least bit stingy, he is pronounced to be a Shylock at once. Two things contribute to create this injustice. It is probable that the lucky man, before his luck, was a needy man. His small means had caused his wants to be few, which he prudently and thriftily gratified. A sudden change of circumstances will not always induce a corresponding change of habits. He had been careful and saving all his life, and he finds it hard, even undesirable, to become lavish and careless in a moment. It is true he can now throw away a guinea with less privation than he could before spend a shilling; and his friends know this rather better than he does, and probably, in their own minds, substitute for his disposable guinea a five-pound note. Still, his long intimacy with the value of shillings has made him loth to part with them, not necessarily from niggardliness, but from habit and old association. All this is set down to unmitigated meanness and poverty of soul. The history of commercial success is full of instances of men who found no difficulty in giving thousands to any good and worthy object, and who yet looked after small expenses with the assiduity of a spinster living on an annuity. Again, the needy friends of a rich man are very apt to come to most erroneous and preposterous conclusions respecting the extent of his wealth. Contrasting their few hundreds with the many thousands he is supposed to have, comparing their solitary general servant with his staff of domestics, they regard his pocket as practically bottomless. They forget, or they do not know, that a rise in station very generally brings with it a more than corresponding rise in the demands made upon one. They look only at the big

purse; they ignore the numbers who are aspiring to empty it.

Our moral is very high-toned and stoical, just suited to the cold weather. It is, that what is commonly called luck is very often not lucky or desirable at all, and that many a man has had occasion to rue the day (whether he did rue it, or not, is another matter) when an unexpected windfall made him the object of more or less envy. The loss of simplicity and quiet joys and tender unostentatious friendships is ill-replaced by buckram and state and hollow acquaintanceships. Of course these beautiful moral reflections will never make any man refuse a fortune when it comes in his way. But they may perhaps induce him to bear his lot more cheerfully when, as is the general case, a fortune is altogether out of his way.

From the Saturday Review.

CURZON'S MONASTERIES OF THE LEVANT.*

WE are glad to see a new edition of Mr. Curzon's very interesting book of travels. It first appeared nearly twenty years ago, and few of the innumerable band of writers who have since given us their impressions of the same regions have at all rivalled its merits. This is partly due to the fact that the East, like other quarters of the globe, is being gradually spoilt. It has lost much of the gloss and freshness which it still retained when Mr. Curzon first travelled there in 1833. Pashas, and dragomans, and chiacouses, and the other *dramatis personæ* of the Eastern traveller have somehow become vulgarized, whether from actual degeneration on their part, or from the circumstance that they no longer have the charms of novelty to Europeans. They have fallen off as the Red Indian has done, though we cannot say whether the deterioration is due, in his case, to an acquired taste for whiskey, or to a growing familiarity which destroys romance, or simply to earlier historians having lied enormously. But the subject-matter of much of Mr. Curzon's book was tolerably hackneyed, even at the time of his writing. Its success was due much more to the style of the writer than to the out-of-the-way places which he de-

* *Visita to the Monasteries of the Levant.* By the Hon. Robert Curzon, Junior. Fifth Edition. London: John Murray. 1885.

scribed. The secret of this success is worth notice. Very few travellers have the power of giving dramatic unity to their works. They fancy that mere geographical continuity supplies a sufficient thread upon which to string their remarks. A traveller not unfrequently has the audacity to publish his diary, and expect the public to swallow it raw. The only connecting link between his pages is the fact that he was each morning at the place where he left off the evening before. And when the incidents are extremely similar, without being absolutely identical, the work becomes about as entertaining as a cruiser's log. There is more than one book descriptive of very important travels in Africa which comes under this head. One day, perhaps, you are introduced to a black greasy chief with a pat of butter on his head, and the next to a blacker and greasier chief without a pat of butter; but under the shape of a book there really lurks a mere directory to a particular series of savage tribes. The great art of writing a good book of travels consists in finding such a principle of coherence as may counteract its tendency to run to mere diary. Sometimes the nature of the adventures described is sufficient to do this spontaneously. At others it may be found in the light thrown upon some scientific theory, or upon the manners and customs of the natives, or the natural history of the country; or, as in the case of Eothen, in a study of the effect of the external circumstances upon the traveller's own mind. This amounts to saying that it is an excellent thing for a traveller to have a hobby. It does not matter what his special enthusiasm is; so long at least as it is one which may be gratified in the country, and he is not mad about mediæval architecture in America, or a theorist on glaciers in the Arabian desert. If, however, the journey is, as it should be, undertaken in pursuit of the hobby, there is no danger of this curious infelicity; and a man has only to give himself up to his enthusiasm unreservedly to be pretty sure of infecting his readers for the time. A paper was contributed to one of the numbers of *Vacation Tourists* by a gentleman whose one passion was for seeing big trees, irrespectively of any ulterior considerations. Probably very few of his readers would sympathise with him at the outset; but it was impossible to avoid falling in with his humour after a few pages, anxiously accompanying an expedition after a reported giant, and being temporarily disappointed when it turned out to be only 300 feet

high. Mr. Curzon rode a more intelligible hobby than this, and one with which most educated men to some degree sympathize. The search for old books is known to have a specific power over some minds; and the chase of MSS. is a specially exciting branch of this most absorbing employment. Some cynics might possibly allege that there are already books enough in the world, and that if one had been apparently overwhelmed in oblivion it was a pity to try to resuscitate it. Without troubling ourselves to discover new MSS. we have, they would urge, various readings enough already. For the purposes of this book, however, we may take for granted that it was right that the treasures of the Levantine monasteries should be ransacked; and, at any rate, we are carried away by Mr. Curzon's enthusiasm. Thus, in the monastery of Pantocratoras, he finds "the melancholy remains of a once celebrated library":—

This [he says] was a dismal spectacle for a devout lover of old books—a sort of biblical knight-errant as I then considered myself, who had entered on the perilous adventure of Mount Athos, to rescue from the thraldom of ignorant monks those fair vellum volumes, with their bright illuminations and velvet dresses, and jewelled clasps, which for so many centuries had lain imprisoned in their dark monastic dungeons.

The library in question, including above a hundred ancient manuscripts, was lying on the floor of a room amongst the rubbish that had fallen from the upper story. Some of the books were "fine large folios." Unluckily, the monks told Mr. Curzon that the beams which supported the floor had become quite rotten and unsafe; so that, as he says, a complete trap was laid for a bookish enthusiast. He tried in vain to creep along close to the wall, with the beams cracking audibly beneath his feet. At length he got a long rod, and proceeded to fish for the desired prey. With some toil, he got hold of a fine double-columned folio "of most venerable antiquity." But alas! the rains had washed the outer leaves quite clean, and the pages were consolidated into a concrete, which, on an attempt to open them, broke off short like biscuit. It was merely the mummy of a manuscript. We feel for Mr. Curzon when, as he tells us, he arose and vented his sorrow and indignation in a long oration, the effect of which was weakened by the circumstance that none of his audience understood his language. Still more irritating were his adventures in the great monastery of Meteara. Albania being at this time in a disturbed state, he had no little

difficulty in arriving there at all. He got a mandate from a Turkish vizir, ordering him an escort of soldiers, addressed to the commander of troops at a place called Mezzovo. Arrived at Mezzovo, he delivered the document to the most prominent inhabitant he could find, who happened to be the chief of the robbers instead of the soldiers. This gentleman, however, luckily saw the joke, and gave Mr. Curzon a letter to his subordinate robbers, which turned out to be more useful than the other, as robbers were considerably more plentiful than soldiers in those parts. Accompanied by half a dozen thieves, or perhaps it would be fairer to call them guerillas, he reached the monastery, which is situated upon a lofty rock, and which he entered by being made up into a parcel and wound up by a windlass and a long rope. And here he found two manuscripts of the Gospels, the bare recollection of which makes his mouth water. He speaks of them with the raptures which only the assiduous book-hunter can appreciate. They were gorgeous within and without; one was full of miniatures in excellent preservation, with the exception of an initial, which "some ancient slaver" had smeared with a wet finger; the other was bound in silver filigree, which showed that it must have belonged to some royal personage. The head of the monastery agreed to sell them, and Mr. Curzon cheerfully paid down a sum of money which left him just enough to return to Corfu. But the cup was destined to be dashed from his lips. He was just ready to be lowered again to the earth, when a discussion arose as to the distribution of the plunder. The "villain of a librarian swore that he would have half." And the upshot of a long discussion was that, as the monks could not agree how the price was to be shared, they resolved not to sell the volumes. After sadly turning over the leaves for the last time, he was let down by the rope to "his affectionate thieves." So touching was the expression of Mr. Curzon's despair, that the thieves immediately set about storming the monastery, with a view to recovering the MSS.; and Mr. Curzon, with great difficulty, and with "a great exercise of forbearance," managed to call them off. We do not decide the point raised, as to whether the refusal of a set of monks to sell their treasures at a fair price would have justified him in storming the monastery and throwing the librarian over the rocks. Probably it would have been allowable from a high moral point of view, but it might have raised difficulties in negotiating with the

next monastery. Against these failures there are to be set a sufficient number of successes to give the impression that Mr. Curzon had, on the whole, very good sport among the books. Later explorers, and especially Tischendorf, have since followed upon Mr. Curzon's traces; and there is probably little left for discovery.

There is, however, something curious and interesting about the lives of the monks whom he describes; and, were it not that travellers in general seem to follow in each other's footsteps, with a scrupulosity almost amounting to religious observance, more people would have made acquaintance with these singular living relics of distant epochs. In Mr. Curzon's pages they form a pleasant and appropriate background to the picture of the enthusiastic book-hunter. They are, amongst men, much what their ancient manuscripts are amongst books. They are dozing quietly in their queer Sleepy Hollow of a Mount Athos, with their manuscripts quietly decaying beside them. One of the most characteristic figures in Mr. Curzon's book is the monk he met at Xeropotamo, whom he describes as a magnificent-looking man of thirty or thirty-five, with large eyes and long black hair and beard. He had been brought to Mount Athos in his infancy, his parents having been massacred in some disturbance, he did not exactly know where. He had never seen a woman, and was particularly anxious to learn what they looked like. He seems to have imagined that they all exactly resembled the stiff, hard-featured pictures of the Holy Virgin which hang in every Greek church, and which were his only available source of information. He was greatly interested to hear that women were not only different from these pictures, but that they even differed considerably from one another in appearance, manners, and understanding. The country where it is possible still to find a specimen of such a singular phase of human nature must be worth visiting; and, although Mr. Curzon's accounts of the monasteries of the Holy Land, of Egypt, and Albania are all interesting, his most finished picture is that of this little backwater which as yet has been undisturbed by any eddies from the main current of the world. Perhaps, however, we may anticipate that before long Mr. Cook's tourists will be taken in trips to Mount Athos, when we fear that the monks will be in danger of sophistication, and, if they don't learn to value manuscripts more highly, will possibly be unable to keep out the obtrusive female sex, which at Mr. Curzon's visit was represented by one cat.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa*, 1858-1864. By David and Charles Livingstone. London, 1865.
2. *Despatches of Dr. David Livingstone to H. M. Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs*.
3. *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*. By David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L. London, 1857.
4. *Memoir of Bishop Mackenzie*. By Harvey Goodwin, D.D., Dean of Ely. London, 1864.
5. *Journals of the Royal Geographical Society*.

THE nineteenth century will be for ever memorable in the annals of African discovery. The mystery which for ages had hung over the interior of the great continent has been in a great measure dispelled. Equatorial Africa especially no longer appears as a blank in our maps. Many of its countries and political divisions have been laid down with tolerable certainty, and the positions of some of its rivers and mountains partially defined; but the great lake discoveries more than any other have excited the wonder and admiration of Europe. All our preconceived ideas of the interior of the great continent have been reversed; for regions which were supposed to be a scene of everlasting drought, under the perpetual, unclouded blaze of a vertical sun, have been found to be refreshed with constant showers, irrigated by perennial streams, and teeming with inhabitants. The further discovery of stupendous mountains crowned with eternal snow, within a short distance of the equator, added greatly to the surprise of geographers; and as a climax to an unexampled series of brilliant discoveries, the Nile was confidently said to have at last revealed its mysterious fountains, and the secret of ages to be disclosed.

These important geographical discoveries have chiefly been made from the eastern coast. The missionaries Krapf and Rebmann, whose station was at Mombas, a few leagues to the east of Zanzibar, although they did not greatly enlarge our knowledge of the interior, yet were the precursors of Burton and Speke in those more extensive explorations, the results of which have so honourably distinguished their names. Dr. Livingstone, operating in a different region, but on the same side of the continent, has contributed in a very considerable degree to increase our geographical knowl-

edge. Africa was first crossed by him from Mozambique, on the Indian Ocean, to Loanda, a Portuguese settlement on the shores of the Atlantic, in 1855, an achievement which was soon afterwards followed, we might even say surpassed, by the unparalleled march of Captains Speke and Grant, with a small armed escort, from the shores of the Indian Ocean to the Mediterranean Sea. The discoveries of Dr. Livingstone have made known to us an extensive portion of Africa, and their effect may ultimately be to open up to commerce and civilization a country which has few superiors in fertility on the African continent. Dr. Livingstone was the first European who crossed the African Continent from its eastern to its western shore. He found the great river Zambesi far in the interior, where its existence was not known even to the Portuguese, and he was the first who visited its stupendous cataracts, to which he gave the name of the Victoria Falls. He is also the discoverer of the great Nyassa Lake and the Shirwa, in the sense at least of having been the first European to visit them and to fix their geographical positions. He collected an immense amount of information respecting the manners, character and habits of the people of this part of the African continent, formed lasting friendships with several of their chiefs, acquired a knowledge of the languages of the country, and laid the foundation of a more regular intercourse for which it was one of the principal objects of his mission to prepare the way.

Having been deputed by the London Missionary Society to seek for a suitable place for the location of a permanent establishment, he ascertained that the highlands on the borders of the great basin of the Zambesi were comparatively healthy, and that it was desirable to open a regular and speedy communication with them, in order that the Europeans might pass as quickly as possible through the pestilential regions of the coast. The character of the population appeared to be eminently favourable for an experiment being made for the improvement of their social state by means of commerce, and for their ultimate conversion to Christianity. These views received the cordial support of all classes on Dr. Livingstone's return to England; and on the publication of his '*Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*,' his peculiar aptitude for enduring the hardships and perils incidental to African exploration, his tact in dealing with obstructive chiefs, and the heroism of his character, were so clearly but unobtrusively revealed that the Government

readily responded to the public feeling, and appointing him Consul for South-eastern Africa gave to his second expedition the prestige of a national enterprise. Its principal objects, as set forth in his instructions, were to extend the knowledge already attained of the geography and the mineral and agricultural resources of Eastern and Central Africa, to improve his acquaintance with the inhabitants, and to encourage them to apply themselves to industrial pursuits and the cultivation of their land, with a view to the production of raw material which might be exported to England in return for British manufactures; and it was hoped that an important step might thus be made towards the extinction of the slave trade, which had been found to be one of the greatest obstacles to improvement.

Although the results of this expedition have not been in all respects commensurate with the sanguine hopes that had been formed of it, it has been the means of extending our geographical knowledge by several important discoveries; and Dr. Livingstone and his fellow-travellers have collected much information on the geology, botany, ornithology, and zoology of the districts which they have leisurely surveyed; they have thrown much light on the hydrography of the south-eastern part of Africa, and obtained a far more complete knowledge of the native tribes, their languages, habits, state of civilization and religion, than was possible in the former expedition.

The primary object having been to explore the Zambesi and its tributaries, with a view of ascertaining their capabilities for commerce, Dr. Livingstone was furnished with a small steam launch, the 'Ma Robert,' which was sent out from England in sections, and put together at the anchorage at the mouth of the Zambesi, but which proved, by the imperfection of its construction, to be rather an impediment than an assistance to his progress up the river.

The delta of the Zambesi seems to mark it as one of the most important rivers in Africa. The whole range of coast, from the Luabo channel to Quillimane, must be considered as belonging to that river, for the Quillimane is in fact only a branch of the Zambesi, which takes a direction due east at about 16° south latitude. Between the most westerly entrance to the Zambesi and Quillimane, not less than seven subsidiary streams pour their waters into the Indian Ocean. This vast delta far surpasses in its dimensions even that of the Nile, and if properly cultivated, would undoubtedly equal it in fertility. The Zambesi itself al-

most rivals in magnitude the great river of Egypt, and in some respects considerably resembles it. Like the Nile, it has its great annual flood, inundating and fertilizing the surrounding country. It has also its falls, cataracts, and shallows, which present obstacles to continuous navigation. The perpendicular rise of the Zambesi, in a portion of its course where it is compressed between lofty hills, is eighty feet. In the dry season there are portions of its course where it has only eighteen inches of water; and Dr. Livingstone's party was repeatedly obliged to drag the small steamer over the shallows. A vessel of less than eighteen inches draught, therefore, would be required to navigate the Zambesi throughout the year, although steamers of considerable burthen could ply in it when in flood as far as the Victoria Falls, most of the intervening cataracts being obliterated by the great rise of the waters; but a high amount of steam-power would be necessary to steam the rapid current when the river is in flood.

The delta extends from eighty to a hundred miles inland, and the soil is so wonderfully rich that cotton might be raised in any quantity, and an area, eighty miles in length and fifty in breadth, could, Dr. Livingstone says, if properly cultivated, supply all Europe with sugar. Progress up the river was impeded less by sandbanks and rapids than by the miserable performance of the engines of the little steamer. The furnaces consumed an enormous amount of fuel, consisting of blocks of the finest ebony and lignum vitae, which would have been worth six pounds per ton in England; notwithstanding which, even the heavy-laden native canoes gained upon the asthmatic little craft which puffed and panted after them in vain.

On the banks of the lower course of the river, as is the case in all deltas, the scenery is uninteresting — a dreary uninhabited expanse of grassy plains — the round green tops of the stately palm-trees looking at a distance as if suspended in air.

'The broad river has many low islands, on which are seen various kinds of waterfowl, such as geese, spoonbills, herons, flamingoes; repulsive crocodiles, as with open jaws they sleep and bask in the sun on the low banks, soon catch the sound of the revolving paddles and glide quietly into the stream. The hippopotamus, having selected some still reach of the river to spend the day, rises from the bottom, where he has been enjoying his morning bath after the labours of the night on shore, blows a puff of spray out of his nostrils, shakes the water out of his ears, puts his enormous snout up straight

and yawns, sounding a loud alarm to the rest of the herd, with notes as of a monster bassoon.'

The aspect of nature in Southern Africa presents a striking contrast to European scenery. The trees and the plants are new; the beasts, birds, and insects are strange; the sky itself has a different colour, and the heavens at night glitter with novel constellations.

The upper course of the Zambesi, when the hill regions are reached, possesses scenery of a very striking character, made still more so by the variety and beauty of the birds:—

'The birds, from the novelty of their notes and plumage, arrest the attention of a traveller perhaps more than the peculiarities of the scenery. The dark woods resound with the lively and exultant song of the kinghunter (*Halcyon striolata*), as he sits perched on high among the trees. As the steamer moves on through the winding channel, a pretty little heron or bright kingfisher darts out in alarm from the edge of the bank, flies on ahead a short distance, and settles quietly down to be again frightened off in a few seconds as we approach. The magnificent fishhawk (*Haliaetus vocifer*) sits on the top of a mangrove tree, digesting his morning meal, and is clearly unwilling to stir until the imminence of the danger compels him at last to spread his great wings for flight. The glossy ibis, acute of ear to a remarkable degree, hears from afar the unwonted sound of the paddles, and, springing from the mud where his family has been quietly feasting, is off, screaming out his loud, harsh, and defiant ha! ha! ha! long before the danger is near.

'The winter birds of passage, such as the yellow wagtail and blue arongo shrikes, have all gone, and other kinds have come; the brown kite with his piping like a boatswain's whistle, the spotted cuckoo with a call like "pula," and the roller and hornbill with their loud high notes, are occasionally distinctly heard, though generally this harsher music is half drowned in the volume of sweet sounds poured forth from many a throbbing throat, which makes an African Christmas seem like an English May. Some birds of the weaver kind have laid aside their winter garments of a sober brown, and appear in a gay summer dress of scarlet and jet black: others have passed from green to bright yellow with patches like black velvet. The brisk little cock whydah-bird with a pink bill, after assuming his summer garb of black and white, has graceful plumes attached to his new coat; his finery, as some believe, is to please at least seven hen birds with which he is said to live. Birds of song are not entirely confined to villages; but they have in Africa so often been observed to congregate around villages, as to produce the impression that song and

beauty may have been intended to please the ear and eye of man, for it is only when we approach the haunts of men that we know that the time of the singing of birds is come. A red-throated black weaver bird comes in flocks a little later, wearing a long train of magnificent plumes, which seem to be greatly in his way when working for his dinner among the long grass. A goatsucker or night jar (*Cornu vexillarius*), only ten inches long from head to tail, also attracts the eye in November by a couple of feathers twenty-six inches long in the middle of each wing, the ninth and tenth from the outside. They give a slow wavy motion to the wings, and evidently retard his flight, for at other times he flies so quick that no boy could hit him with a stone. The natives can kill a hare by throwing a club, and make good running shots, but no one ever struck a night jar in common dress, though in the evening twilight they settle close to one's feet. What may be the object of the flight of the male bird being retarded we cannot tell. The males alone possess these feathers, and only for a time.'

The honey-guide is perhaps the most remarkable for its intelligence of all the African birds:—

'How is it that every member of its family has learned that all men, white or black, are fond of honey! The instant the little fellow gets a glimpse of a man, he hastens to greet him with the hearty invitation to come to a bees'-hive and take some honey. He flies on in the proper direction, perches on a tree, and looks back to see if you are following; then on to another and another, until he guides you to the spot. If you do not accept his first invitation he follows you with pressing importunities, quite as anxious to lure the stranger to the bees'-hive as other birds are to draw him away from their own nests. Except while on the march, our men were sure to accept the invitation, and manifested the same by a peculiar responsive whistle, meaning, as they said, "All right, go ahead; we are coming." The bird never deceived them, but always guided them to a hive of bees, though some had but little honey in store.'

Equally remarkable in its intelligence is the bird that guards the buffalo and rhinoceros:—

'The grass is often so tall and dense that one could go close up to these animals quite unperceived; but the guardian bird, sitting on the beast, sees the approach of danger, flaps its wings and screams, which causes its bulky charge to rush off from a foe he has neither seen nor heard; for his reward the vigilant little watcher has the pick of the parasites of his fat friend.

The Portuguese possess two stations or forts on the Zambesi—one at Senna, the other at Tette; but it appears that they hold both of these positions rather by sufferance than by the prestige of their name or by their power in Africa, for they are said to pay a species of black-mail in the form of presents of beads and brass wire to the neighbouring tribes for permission to reside in the country; nor do the commercial advantages of the Portuguese settlements appear to compensate the cost of their maintenance. The natural resources of the district are nevertheless very great. Indigo grows wild on the banks of the river. The streets of Tette are overgrown with the plant as with a weed. The sugar-cane thrives admirably almost in a wild state. Caoutchouc and columba-root* are found in abundance. Iron ore is extensively worked by the natives, and excellent coal might be obtained in abundance, one seam which was seen cropping out on the banks of the river measuring twenty-five feet in thickness. At one period the produce of the gold-washings on the Zambesi was considerable, but its tributaries have never been 'prospected,' nor has any but the rudest machinery been yet used.

The most interesting portion of Dr. Livingstone's last expedition, after the discovery of the great Nyassa Lake, is the exploration of the river Shiré,† the great northern tributary of the Zambesi, which it joins at about a hundred miles from the sea. The Portuguese are said to have known nothing of this stream, nor, it is believed, was the Shiré ever before ascended by Europeans: certainly the existence of the lake Shirwa, situated not far from the river's bank, had never been even heard of by them. The natives here were entirely ignorant of the existence of white men; and on the first appearance of the exploring party, the men were excessively timid, the women fled into the huts and closed the doors, and even the hens took wing and left their chickens in dismay. After ascending the river for a hundred miles, the further progress of the party was arrested by cataracts, which Dr. Livingstone named after the President of the Royal Geographical Society; but it was not deemed prudent by the exploring party on their first visit to push their explorations beyond the Murchison Cataracts.

A second excursion up the Shiré was made in 1859, when the natives were less alarmed, and Chibisa, the chief of the most

important of the tribes, at once entered into friendly negotiations, evincing great intelligence, shrewdness, and good feeling. He was a firm believer in the divine ordination of royalty. He was, he said, but a common man when his father died; but directly after he succeeded to his high office, he was conscious of power passing into his head and down his back; he felt it enter, and then he knew that he was a chief possessed of wisdom and clothed with authority.

Leaving their steamer, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, with a party of natives, then proceeded on foot to the lake Shirwa, which they found to be a considerable body of bitter and slightly brackish water, abounding in fish, crocodiles, and hippopotami. This lake, surrounded by lofty mountains, has no outlet, although thirty miles in breadth and sixty in length. Its elevation above the sea was found to be about 1800 feet. It is separated from the great lake Nyassa by a spit of land, over which it is probable that the surplus water of the Shirwa runs during floods.

The river Shiré is narrower than the Zambesi, but deeper and more easily navigated, possessing a channel of not less than five feet at all seasons for a distance of two hundred miles from the sea. It drains an exceedingly fertile valley flanked by finely-wooded hills. The stream in some places runs like a mill-race with a water-power sufficient to turn all the mills in Great Britain. Nowhere in his travels did Dr. Livingstone observe so large an extent and so high a degree of cultivation. Maize, yams, hemp, pumpkins, sweet-potatoes, peas, sugar-cane, lemons, ginger, tobacco, and cotton abounded, and the capability of the country for the production of cotton can, he thinks, scarcely be exaggerated. From the samples sent to Manchester it has been pronounced to be of the finest quality, and 300 lbs. of clean cotton-wool were purchased for less than a penny per pound; and it appears that free labour is as easily to be procured as in any country in the world. The discovery of this rich and densely-peopled district, with its fine navigable river, is perhaps the most important of the results of Dr. Livingstone's enterprise. 'We have opened,' he says, in a despatch addressed to the Foreign Office, 'a cotton and sugar district of great and unknown extent, and which really seems to afford reasonable prospect of great commercial benefit to our own country; it presents facilities for commanding a large section of the slave market on the coast, and offers a fair hope of its suppression by lawful commerce.'

* Used extensively as a mordant for colours.

† Pronounced Shirrey.

The basin of the Shirè is characterised by a series of terraces, the first being below the Murchison Falls, the second a plateau two thousand, and the third three thousand feet in altitude, it must therefore possess a considerable variety of climate, but cotton is extensively cultivated on all the terraces, and the population was everywhere observed to be engaged in picking, cleaning, or spinning it. As it is doubtful whether the cotton cultivation of the former Slave States of America will ever revive under a system of free labour, any addition to our knowledge of the districts where a material so essential for maintaining our manufacturing pre-eminence can be easily and cheaply produced becomes of the highest importance. The people have no cattle, but the quantity of wild animals is prodigious, and enormous herds of elephants roam over the marshes and plains.

It was on one of the elevated plateaux of the Shirè valley that the enterprise known as the Universities' Mission had its first station, and here was the residence of England's first missionary Bishop, the lamented Mackenzie. The remains of one of the most devoted of English Churchmen lie buried under the shade of one of the giants of the African forest and within a few yards of the rippling waters of the Shirè. Taking a false estimate of the duties of his position, he unhappily gave an active armed support to a tribe which had been attacked by another for the purpose of reducing it to slavery, and he thus engaged in a native war, converting a religious mission, the object of which was simply to instruct and civilise by Christian precept and example, into an association for the forcible liberation of slaves. The country was, as it afterwards proved, altogether unsuited for a missionary experiment such as that projected by the Universities, being in a chronic state of warfare in consequence of the prevalence of the slave-trade; and the expedition was, after undergoing many privations and much suffering, very properly withdrawn some months after the lamented death of Bishop Mackenzie by fever and the loss of other valuable lives.

The discovery of the great Lake Nyassa would alone place Dr. Livingstone high in the rank of African explorers. It would have been first reached by Captain Burton if he had not been misled by erroneous information; for, having been told by some natives that the lake which he was directed by his instructions to seek was of considerable dimensions, he altered his course from west to north-west, and thus came

upon the Lake Tanganyika instead. The journey to the Nyassa was effected by an overland march of twenty days from the Shirè. The southern end of the Nyassa extends to 14° 25' south latitude. The stay made at the lake on the first visit of the travellers was short; it was found to be in the very centre of a district which supplies the markets of the coast with slaves. A second visit to the lake was made in the following year. The length of the Nyassa was found to be two hundred miles and its breadth about fifty. It is liable to sudden and violent storms, in one of which the travellers were nearly shipwrecked. The difference of its level throughout the year is only three feet, although it receives the waters of five rivers on its western side. The principal affluent is believed to be at its northern extremity.

Never before in Africa had the travellers seen anything like the dense population on the shores of the Nyassa. Towards the southern end there was observed an almost unbroken chain of villages, crowds assembled to gaze at the novel spectacle of a boat under sail, and whenever the party landed they were immediately surrounded by men, women, and children, all anxious to see the 'chirombo,' or wild animals, feed; the arrival of white men in one of the villages of the Nyassa exciting much the same kind of interest as that occasioned by the presence of the hippopotamus on the banks of the Thames. The people were, however, on the whole inoffensive, only lifting slyly the edges of the tent, as boys do the curtains of a travelling-menagerie at home, and exclaiming 'chirombo! chirombo!' i. e. wild beasts fit to be eaten.

The care bestowed on the graves of the dead in the villages on the banks of the Nyassa indicates an amount of sentiment scarcely to be expected in regions so remote from civilisation. The burying-grounds were found well arranged and protected; wide and neat paths were made through them, and grand old fig-trees threw their wide-spreading branches over the last resting-places of the dead. The graves of the sexes were distinguished by the various implements or utensils which their occupants had used in their different employments during life; but they were all broken. A piece of fishing-net or a broken paddle told that a fisherman slept beneath. The graves of women were marked by the wooden mortar and heavy pestle used in pounding corn, or by the basket in which the meal is sifted, and all had placed over them fractured calabashes and pots signify-

ing that the need of daily food was at an end for ever.

The courtesy which we denominate godd breeding was conspicuous in some of the chiefs of this district. A black potentate on the banks of the Nyassa, whom the travellers found in his stockade, behaved 'like a gentleman,' not only presenting handsome presents of food, but, pointing to his iron bracelet, richly inlaid with copper, inquired, 'Do they wear such things in your country?' and, on being told that they were unknown, immediately took it from his arm and presented it to Dr. Livingstone, the wife doing the same with hers.

The natives of Africa have not generally been found deficient in the virtue of industry in their own country. In all the districts traversed by the exploring party the cultivation of the land indicated general and careful industry. 'I came out here,' said Bishop Mackenzie, 'to teach these people agriculture, but I find they know far more about it than I do.' The taste for husbandry, indeed, was found to be universal, and men, women, and boys were all eager to work for hire. In illustration of this an incident is related characteristic not only of the disposition of the people to labour, but of their eagerness to obtain European clothing. One of the exploring party, who possessed an old tattered pair of trousers, purchased with one of its legs the services of a man to carry a heavy load for a whole day; on the second day another man was hired for the other leg; and the remainder of the garment, including the buttons, secured the services of another for a third. The fertility of the country renders agricultural toil extremely light, and the task of subsistence is a very easy one.

The manufacture of iron tools is the staple industry of the highlands of the Nyassa. Every village had its smelting-house, charcoal-burners, and blacksmiths, who made the bracelets and anklets in general use. British iron is held in no esteem, and is pronounced 'rotten.' Samples of hoes from the Nyassa district have been pronounced in Birmingham to be nearly equal to the best Swedish iron, and the metal was found to be of so high a quality that an Enfield rifle was made from it. In the villages round the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, and in other places, pottery is also manufactured.

The social and political state of the country visited by Dr. Livingstone and his party in those districts where the slave-trade had not penetrated, presented a marked contrast to the western coast of Africa and to the eastern region traversed by Burton

and Speke. The Makololo appear to have been the most intelligent of the tribes inhabiting the region of the Zambesi. Polygamy is universal in this part of Africa, and the institution is warmly approved by the women. On being told that a man in England could have but one wife, they always exclaimed that they should not like to live in such a country, nor could they understand how English ladies could tolerate such a custom. Yet its practical effect is to give a monopoly of the youth and beauty of the country to those who can afford to purchase them. The wealthy old men, therefore, marry all the pretty girls, and the young men who have no property must either abstain from matrimony altogether, or be content with such wives as possess no personal attractions. The husbands, however, seem to be considerably henpecked. The travellers, endeavouring to purchase a goat, had nearly concluded the bargain, when a wife came forward and said to her husband, 'You appear as if you were unmarried, selling a goat indeed without consulting your wife! What sort of a man are you?' The party tried to induce the crest-fallen husband to pluck up a little spirit and to conclude the bargain. 'No, no,' he exclaimed, 'it is bad enough as it is; I have already brought a hornet's-nest about my ears!' 'We have known,' say our travellers, 'a wife order a husband not to sell a fowl; merely, as we supposed, to prove to us that she had the upper hand.'

Notwithstanding their scanty clothing, there seems to be a natural sense of propriety both on the part of the women and men, which is not always found in more civilized countries. 'We frequently observed,' say the travellers, 'that the Momgamy women are very particular in avoiding any spot where men are supposed to be bathing, and it is only the chance of the first sight of the white skin that makes them forget their good manners; and when women and children were observed in the distance washing in a stream, the men did not venture to approach until they had first asked leave to pass.'

The Makololo ladies, having maid-servants to wait on them and perform the principal part of the household work, have abundance of leisure which they are at a loss how to employ. The men wickedly aver that their two principal modes of killing time are sipping beer and smoking bang or Indian hemp. The husbands indulge freely in these pastimes, but they do not like their wives to follow their example, and many of the 'monsters' positively for-

bid it. The women dress well, wearing a species of kilt and mantle and a profusion of bead and brass ornaments. The principal wife of one of the most powerful chiefs wore eighteen heavy brass rings on each leg and three of copper under each knee, nineteen brass rings on her left arm and eight of brass and copper on her right, together with a large ivory ring above each elbow. The weight of the rings seriously impeded her gait; but as they were the 'fashion,' she disregarded it. The tyranny of fashion is, indeed, as irresistible in the high circles of Africa as in those of London and Paris. The most extraordinary device is the *pelele*—a ring which causes the upper lip to project two inches beyond the tip of the nose, giving to the mouth the elongation and somewhat the appearance of a duck's bill. No woman would think it becoming to appear in public without this strange appendage. If told that it makes her ugly, she will reply, 'really, it is the fashion.' The women will not wear beads, however pretty, that are not of the latest importation. Plumpness is considered essential to beauty, but the obesity required in Uganda, and mentioned by Captain Speke, would be considered vulgar. The caprices of fashion are nowhere more remarkably displayed than in the arrangement of the hair. Some ladies adopt the plan of spreading it out over a hoop, which thus encircles the head, like a nimbus round the head of the Virgin—a fashion which we have not yet adopted in England, but from which our ingenious coiffeurs may take a hint. Others supplement their own by tying behind it bundles of false hair—a fashion with which we are familiar in England. Some plait it into the form of horns, and sometimes the natural hair is drawn tightly up from the forehead in the form of a pyramid. The passion for dyeing the hair red, however, is confined in Africa to the men, who use pigments to give it that fashionable colour. The most respectable chiefs always at first set their faces against these caprices, but in the end are always obliged to give up the attempt in despair, candidly acknowledging that fashion and female obstinacy are too strong for them.

The religion of the Zambesi and Nyassa tribes is that of simple monotheism, combined with a belief in spirits who are supposed to be influenced by incantations to act as mediators. There appears to be a firm belief in the immortality of the soul. 'Their ideas of moral evil,' Dr. Livingstone says, 'differ in no respect from ours; but they

consider themselves responsible to inferior beings instead of to the Supreme.' Evil speaking, lying, hatred, and disobedience to and neglect of parents, are said to have been recognised as sins, as well as theft, murder, and adultery, from the earliest times. The only addition which could be made by a missionary to their moral code is the rejection of polygamy. There is a general belief in a future life. 'All the Africans,' say the travellers, 'that we have met with were as firmly persuaded of their future existence as of their present;' but it does not appear that they entertain a belief in any future state of rewards and punishments.

Their superstitions are rather childish than degrading. The belief in magic is so inherent in humanity that it would be strange if it did not prevail in countries where the human intellect may be said to be still in an almost infantine state. There are traces of serpent-worship, and little images are suspended as charms in the huts of the sick and dying. When a man has his hair cut he is careful to burn it, or to bury it secretly, lest falling into the hands of one who has an evil eye, it should be used as a charm to afflict him with headache. There is a singular superstition that if a man plants coffee he will never be happy again, and no native can be induced to plant a mango from a belief that if he did he would speedily die. Rain-doctors are common. The travelling party more than once got into trouble by putting up their rain-gauge which was thought to frighten away the clouds.

That reckless disregard of human life, of which so many revolting incidents are recorded by Captain Speke in his account of Uganda, is unknown in this portion of Africa, nor does the rule of the native chiefs, however despotic, appear to be cruel. The reverence for 'royalty' is universal, and the savage vagaries of King M'tesa would probably have led to his own decapitation but for the belief in the sanctity of kings, which is the pervading sentiment of the people. Divination is freely practised, but fetish worship is unknown. A notion not uncommon among uncivilized people, and somewhat resembling that of the transmigration of souls, appears to prevail. It is believed that the spirits of departed chiefs enter into lions, which are consequently never molested, but, when met with, are saluted by the clapping of hands. 'The most singular object of superstitious dread is the chameleon, of which the natives entertain an absolute horror. The English sailors left in charge of the 'Pioneer,' during the

temporary absence of Dr. Livingstone, made a pet of one of these harmless little creatures, and turned it to good account. Having ascertained the market-price of provisions, they paid the natives that and no more; if the traders refused to leave the ship unless a larger sum was given, the chameleon was forthwith brought out of the cabin and the deck was instantly cleared. Mechanism of all kinds appears so wonderful that it is naturally attributed to supernatural power. A Portuguese took into the interior an assortment of cheap American clocks to barter for ivory; but on setting them all going in the presence of a chief, he became so alarmed that the unfortunate trader was ordered to instantly quit the country and was heavily fined for his indiscretion.

There is probably no part of the world in which game of all descriptions is so abundant as in the region of the Upper Zambesi and of the Shire, the banks of which absolutely swarm with antelopes, waterbucks, elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, wild pigs, elands, and zebras; the woods are full of guinea fowl, and the rivers abound in hippopotami. Much destruction is occasioned by elephants tearing down trees with their trunks in the wantonness of their strength and for mere amusement. It is no easy task to bring one of these creatures on its knees, the ball of an Enfield rifle usually producing as little impression upon the head as upon an iron target, only making the unwieldy animal flap his huge ears and trot off out of further harm's way. The food which the elephant supplies would not be despised by an African sportsman, and is always acceptable in a country where the hunter must depend chiefly upon his rifle for his daily subsistence. The fore foot, cooked in the native manner, was pronounced by Dr. Livingstone excellent. A hole is dug in the ground, a fire is made in it, and, when the oven is thoroughly heated, the foot is placed in it and covered with hot ashes; a fire is then made above it and kept up during the night, and a dish will be ready for the morning's meal which would satisfy the most fastidious of epicures. Elephant's trunk and tongue are also very good when similarly prepared. 'English sportsmen,' Dr. Livingstone says, 'although first-rate shots at home, are notorious for the number of their misses on first trying to shoot in Africa. Everything is on such a large scale, and there is such a glare of bright sunlight, that some time is required to enable them to judge of distances. "Is it wounded?" inquired a gentleman of his dark at-

tendant, after firing at an antelope. "Yes! the ball went right into his heart." These mortal wounds never proving fatal, he desired a friend, who understood the language, to explain to the man that he preferred the truth in every case. "He is my father," replied the native, "and I thought he would be displeased if I told him that he never hits at all."

The River Shire swarms with crocodiles, and the travellers counted sixty-seven of these hideous reptiles basking on one bank. The corpse of a boy floated past the 'Pioneer,' a monstrous crocodile rushed at it with the speed of a greyhound, caught it and 'shook it as a terrier dog would a rat,' and others immediately dashed at the body, making the water foam by the action of their powerful tails. Women are constantly seized by these creatures while drawing water, and the protection of a fence is required to keep the crocodiles from the river's brink. The attempts of the party to catch any of the reptiles were not very successful; although ready enough to take the bait, they flattened the largest iron hooks with their powerful jaws and got away.

Periodical droughts seem to be the characteristic of every part of Central Africa except the rainy zone of the equatorial region. These visitations prevail over areas of from one to three hundred miles. Dr. Livingstone's inquiries led him to believe that from 10° to 15° south latitude they may be expected once in every ten or fifteen years, and from 15° to 20° south latitude, once in every five years. Their cause is unknown. The hills are generally clothed with trees and verdure to their summits, and the valleys, where uncultivated, are almost choked with a profuse and rank vegetation, when suddenly both hill and valley present the appearance of having been scathed by fire, the grass crumbles into powder, and the leaves drop discoloured from the trees. Dr. Livingstone draws a fearful picture of the effects of one of these periodical droughts on the population of a district affected by it. On his first journey up the Shire to the Nyassa he passed through a populous and well-cultivated country. In the interval between it and his return, eighteen months afterwards, a drought of unusual severity had occurred, the misery occasioned by which was aggravated by a slave-hunting expedition which devastated the country almost as much as the drought. Instead of peaceful villages and a happy population there was scarcely a person to be seen. The inhabitants generally had fled from their human hunters no less than

from their blighted fields, and famine had destroyed all that remained; the recently dead lay unburied, innumerable corpses which the gorged crocodiles were unable to devour floated down the rivers, human skeletons obstructed the paths, and the whole country presented a scene of appalling desolation.

The tributaries of the Zambesi are nearly waterless in the dry season. The Zungwe was traced up to the foot of the Batoka highlands, which the travellers ascended to the height of 3000 feet, obtaining a magnificent panoramic view of the great valley of the Zambesi, of which the cultivated portions are so small that the country appeared to be nearly all forest interspersed with a few grassy glades. The great Falls of the Zambesi, to which, on first visiting them in 1855, Dr. Livingstone gave the name of the Victoria Falls, were again visited on his second expedition, and he is thus enabled to give a more complete description of them. They constitute without question the most wonderful waterfall in the world. The native name is Mosio-a-tunya, or 'smoke sounding.' Its fame had been far diffused in Africa, for when Dr. Livingstone was on an excursion in the interior, in 1851, a chief, who resided two hundred miles from the Falls, asked, 'Have you any smoke soundings in your country?' When the river is in flood, the columns of vapour, resplendent in the morning sun with double and sometimes triple rainbows, are visible for a distance of ten miles. They are caused by a sudden compression of the water falling into a narrow wedge-like fissure. The Fall must have originated in an earthquake which produced a deep transverse crack across the river's bed—a mass of hard basaltic rock—and which is prolonged from the left bank for thirty or forty miles. The description of this magnificent cascade, so unique in its character, will be read with interest:—

'It is rather a hopeless task to endeavour to convey an idea of it in words, since as was remarked on the spot, an accomplished painter, even by a number of views, could but impart a faint impression of the glorious scene. The probable mode of its formation may, perhaps, help to the conception of its peculiar shape. Niagara has been formed by a wearing back of the rock over which the river falls; and during a long course of ages, it has gradually receded, and left a broad, deep, and pretty straight trough in front. It goes on wearing back daily, and may yet discharge the lakes from which its river—the St. Lawrence—flows. But the Victoria Falls have been formed by a crack right across the river, in the hard, black basaltic

rock which there formed the bed of the Zambesi. The lips of the crack are still quite sharp, save about three feet of the edge over which the river rolls. The walls go sheer down from the lips without any projecting crag, or symptom of stratification or dislocation. When the mighty rift occurred no change of level took place in the two parts of the bed of the river thus rent asunder, consequently in coming down the river to Garden Island, the water suddenly disappears, and we see the opposite side of the cleft, with grass and trees growing where once the river ran, on the same level as that part of its bed on which we sail. The first crack is, in length, a few yards more than the breadth of the Zambesi, which by measurement we found to be a little over 1860 yards, but this number we resolved to retain as indicating the year in which the Fall was for the first time carefully examined. The main stream here runs nearly north and south, and the cleft across it is nearly east and west. The depth of the rift was measured by lowering a line, to the end of which a few bullets and a foot of white cotton cloth were tied; one of us lay with his head over a projecting crag, and watched the descending galico, till, after his companions had paid out 310 feet, the weight rested on a sloping projection, probably fifty feet from the water below, the actual bottom being still further down. The white cloth now appeared the size of a crown piece; on measuring the width of this deep cleft by sextant, it was found at Garden Island, its narrowest part, to be eighty yards, and at its broadest somewhat more. Into this chasm, of twice the depth of Niagara Falls, the river, a full mile wide, rolls with a deafening roar; and this is Mosio-a-tunya, or the Victoria Falls.

'Looking from Garden Island, down to the bottom of the abyss, nearly half a mile of water, which has fallen over that portion of the Falls to our right, or west of our point of view, is seen collected in a narrow channel twenty or thirty yards wide, and flowing at exactly right angles to its previous course, to our left; while the other half, or that which fell over the eastern portion of the Falls, is seen in the left of the narrow channel below, coming towards our right. Both waters unite midway, in a fearful boiling whirlpool, and find an outlet by a crack situated at right angles to the fissure of the Falls. This outlet is about 1170 yards from the western end of the chasm, and some 600 from its eastern end; the whirlpool is at its commencement. The Zambesi, now apparently not more than twenty or thirty yards wide, rushes and surges south, through the narrow escape channel for 130 yards; then enters a second chasm somewhat deeper and nearly parallel with the first. Abandoning the bottom of the eastern half of this second chasm to the growth of large trees, it turns sharply off to the west, and forms a promontory, with the escape channel at its point of 1170 yards long, and 416 yards broad at the base. After reaching this base, the river runs abruptly round the head of another promontory, and flows away

to the east in a third chasm, then glides round a third promontory, much narrower than the rest, and away back to the west in a fourth chasm; and we could see in the distance that it appeared to round still another promontory, and bend once more in another chasm toward the east. In this gigantic zigzag, yet narrow trough, the rocks are all so sharply cut and angular, that the idea at once arises that the hard basaltic trap must have been riven into its present shape by a force acting from beneath, and that this probably took place when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean.*

There is reason to believe that nearly the whole district now drained by the Zambesi and its tributaries was once a vast freshwater lake, of which many traces exist over a tract extending from 17° to 21° south latitude. Nearly the whole of this vast area is covered with a bed of tufa more or less soft where it has been exposed to atmospheric influences. The waters of this great inland sea have escaped by means of cracks produced in its surrounding boundaries, at some remote period, by subterranean agency. Thus the fissure of Victoria Falls has probably contributed to drain an enormous valley, leaving only the deepest portion of the original sea which now constitutes the Nyassa Lake. Most of the African lakes are indeed comparatively shallow, being the residua of much larger bodies of water. The African climate is therefore supposed, with reason, to have been once much moister than it is at present, and the great equatorial lake regions are gradually being desiccated by a process of drainage which has been in operation for ages. That the Nyassa Lake has shrunk considerably is proved by the existence of raised beaches on its borders and by the deep clay strata through which several of its affluents run. The character of the rocks in the central part of the continent is generally that of a coarse grey sandstone, lying horizontally, or only very slightly inclined. Within this extensive sandstone deposit is a coal-field of vast but unknown extent, the materials of which were derived from the tropical plants which grew on the low shores of the great inland sea, the basin of which must have undergone several oscillations. Africa is the grand type of a region which has, on the whole, preserved its ancient terrestrial conditions during a period of indefinite duration unaffected by any considerable changes except those which are dependent on atmospheric and meteoric influences.* By far the largest

* Address of the President of the Royal Geographical Society, May, 1864.

portion of the vast interior has been unaffected by the great cataclysms to which the other continents have been exposed. In no part of it, we believe, has limestone with marine exuviae been discovered; nor has either chalk or flint been met with. Its surface is free from coarse superficial drift. It exhibits no traces of volcanoes; nor has its surface been much disturbed by internal forces, although the primitive rocks have been protruded in one or two places in isolated masses, as on the shores of the Albert Nyanza and the great mountain groups of Kenia and Kilimandjaro.

In the latest exploration of Dr. Livingstone and his companions a discovery is alleged to have been made which has some bearing in the vexed question of the antiquity of man. Dr. Kirk, while botanizing the banks of one of the tributaries of the Zambesi, came upon a bed of gravel in which fossilized bones of nearly all the species of animals now existing in the country, such as hippopotami, wild hogs, buffaloes, antelopes, turtles, crocodiles, and hyenas, were associated with pottery of the same construction, and with the same ornamental designs as that now in use by the existing inhabitants. Utensils, the undoubted workmanship of man, were thus found intermixed with fossil remains unquestionably of the tertiary or even an older geological period. If the evidence of this discovery should be found to be satisfactory, and taking into consideration the time required for the conversion of bones into fossils, we must come to the inevitable conclusion that the civilisation, such as it is, of the black man in Africa has been stationary for an immense period, and that his intellect must consequently be of an inferior order to that of the European or the Asiatic type. The African negro has certainly hitherto shown no capacity for political construction. His governments are pure despotisms, and society has scarcely anywhere advanced its simplest principles and most barbaric forms. He has neither tamed the elephant, nor domesticated the horse, nor discovered the use of the plough, nor learned to spread the sail. He has not acquired even the elements of public economy, and he is as ignorant of the rudiments of science as a child. Although he has acquired a rude skill in the metals, he has not discovered that coal is inflammable; and although his country teems with all the appliances of civilisation, his political and social condition remains one of the enigmas of the world. Notwithstanding the low intellectual development of the black man of Africa, the recent ex-

plorations have ascertained the existence of a very large population in the interior neither deficient in the virtue of industry nor incapable of social improvement, and that among their chiefs are men of the most kindly manners, humane dispositions, and generous aspirations, anxious for a higher civilisation than has yet dawned upon that benighted country, or than it can probably ever attain without the guidance of a superior race.

The Rovuma, a river some leagues to the north of the Zambesi, it was thought might afford an easier access to the district of the Nyassa than the Zambesi and the Shirè, and conduct to a healthier region, and one more promising for missionary labour. Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by Bishop Mackenzie, accordingly entered the Rovuma in 1861, with the 'Pioneer,' which, drawing nearly five feet of water, proved too deep for its continued navigation. The river was ascended for five days, when the water began to shallow, the navigation became intricate and unsafe, and the expedition was obliged to return to avoid the risk of being cut off from communication with the sea. The valley of the Rovuma seems to resemble that of the Zambesi, but is on a smaller scale. The result of the exploration was that the river was found to be unfit for navigation during four months in the year, but that like the Zambesi it might be available for commerce for the other eight months. This river possesses little interest in its lower course, where it is a mile wide and from five to six fathoms in depth. Higher up, the scenery is described by Bishop Mackenzie as extremely beautiful, consisting of finely wooded hills two or three hundred feet in height within a short distance of the river. The natives asserted that the Rovuma issued from Lake Nyassa, but none had ascended the stream high enough to prove it. The hopes founded on the appearance of the mouth of the Rovuma, which is without a bar, were thus disappointed.

And after four years of laborious exploration, attended with many unforeseen difficulties, the expedition was withdrawn by the Government in 1862, orders having been transmitted to Dr. Livingstone to return to England. The disappointment experienced in the capabilities both of the Zambesi and the Rovuma for commerce, the prevalence of the slave-trade, the lamentable failure of the Universities' Mission, and the generally unsettled and dangerous state of the country, all contributed to influence the decision of the Government. The expedition, however, has made known a district of

boundless capabilities, together with the causes which operate to shut it out from intercourse with the civilised world. We should be glad to avoid adverting to a subject which seriously compromises the character of a Christian Power. Dr. Livingstone accuses the Portuguese Government of a gross neglect of its duty in omitting to put in force the laws which have been enacted for the suppression of the slave-trade in its African possessions, if not of direct complicity with its colonial officers in the iniquitous traffic. It is carried on, he says, in connection with the trade in ivory, and from fifteen to twenty canoes have been seen on the Upper Zambesi freighted with slaves for the Portuguese settlements. Dr. Livingstone asserts that he was not only the first to see slavery in its origin in this part of Africa, but to trace it through all its revolting phases. He had not only seen tribe arrayed against tribe for the capture of slaves, but he had been in places where family was arrayed against family and every house was protected by a stockade. Tribes the highest in intelligence were found morally the most degraded, the men freely selling their own wives and grown-up daughters. On the shores of Lake Nyassa the slave-merchants were at the time of his visit paying two yards of calico, worth one shilling, for a boy, and four yards for a good-looking girl. Barbarism must be the inevitable condition of a land where such practices exist. If the statements which Dr. Livingstone has made in the face of the world are incapable, as we fear they are, of being denied, a heavy responsibility rests upon the Portuguese Government if it should fail to interpose in the most summary manner, call its officers to a strict account, and put an end for ever in Eastern Africa to a system which is a disgrace to the Portuguese name. These decayed settlements on the remote shores of the Indian Ocean—the melancholy relics of a dominion which was once exercised for nobler purposes than the traffic in human flesh and blood—seem now to be kept up only for the maintenance of a few military pensioners. The terrible lesson which the last few years have taught the world has not failed to impress the most impassive of Powers. Spain, the most inveterate of European offenders, has taken the lesson to heart, and resolved to abandon for ever the abominable traffic in man; and Portugal is now alone branded with the stigma of this atrocious crime. We entertain no doubt, that the development of legitimate trade with the regions in which its African set-

tlements are situated, would prove of far greater benefit in a material sense than any that can possibly result to it from the slave-trade. The capacity of the eastern coast of Africa for a large and lucrative trade is unquestionable, and it has, notwithstanding many discouragements, made considerable progress within the last thirty years. In 1834 the island of Zanzibar possessed little or no trade; in 1860 the exports of ivory, gum copal, and cloves, had risen to the value of 239,500*l.*, and the total exports and imports amounted to 1,000,577*l.*, employing 25,340 tons of shipping, and this under the rule of a petty Arabian Prince. Although it may be long before the natives can be induced to cultivate extensively cotton and sugar for exportation, there are many valuable natural products the preparation of which for the European market requires but little industry and no skill. The hard woods which grow on the banks of the Zambesi and the Shire are especially valuable; they may be obtained in any quantity at the mere cost of cutting, and they can be transported to the coast at all seasons without difficulty. The *lignum vitæ* attains a larger size on the banks of the Zambesi than anywhere else. The African ebony, although not botanically the same as the ebony of commerce; also attains immense proportions, and is of a deeper black. It abounds on the Rovuma, within eight miles of the sea, as does likewise the fustic, from which is extracted a strong yellow dye.

The additions which have been made to our geographical knowledge from the two expeditions of Dr. Livingstone are important and interesting. In his latest he entered and partially explored a region the hydrography of which requires to be thoroughly known before the great mystery of the source of the Nile can be considered as solved, for it is in the district of the equatorial lakes that the head-springs of the mighty river undoubtedly exist, and the connexion of all of these great reservoirs with each other is rendered so probable by Mr. Baker's recent discovery of the magnificent lake (the Little Luta Nzigè of Speke), which he has appropriately named the Albert Nyanza, that a fresh interest has been imparted to the subject, for if the Albert Nyanza should prove to be connected with the great Tanganyika, the source of the Nile is not the Victoria Nyanza or one of its affluents, but must be sought for in a region many degrees to the south of that lake, or of any of its tributary streams. That such a connexion does exist between the Albert Nyanza and the Tanganyika there

is the strongest reason to believe, for a party of Arab traders informed Captain Speke while making a voyage on the Tanganyika, that the river which flows through Egypt issues from that lake; and a respectable Arab merchant, who could have no conceivable motive for misrepresentation, accompanied a statement to the same effect made to Captain Burton with such circumstantial details as tend strongly to establish its probability. A large river, he said, called the Marunga, enters the lake at its southern extremity, but on a visit to its northern end he saw a river which certainly flowed out of it, for he approached so near its termination that he distinctly saw and felt the influence of an outward current. This statement derives considerable support from information received by Dr. Livingstone from Arabs well acquainted with the Tanganyika, and who told him that a river flowed out of its northern end, and they drew on the sand the Nyassa discharging its waters to the south, but the Tanganyika to the north. He was also told, in the course of his first missionary travels, by an Arab who declared that he knew the Tanganyika well, that it was connected with another lake still further north called Garague* (Kazagwè), and King Kamrasi and the natives inhabiting its banks assured Mr. Baker that the Albert Nyanza was known to extend far to the west of Karagwè. We are thus in possession of evidence from four distinct and independent sources that the Tanganyika has its affluent in the north, and is therefore connected with the Albert Nyanza. Nor can we regard the alleged difference of altitude (226 feet) between the two lakes as an objection to this supposition; for when we know that 1° Fahr. represents an altitude of 533 feet, a difference of level which is indicated by the fractional part of a degree may well be attributed either to some imperfection in the instrument or to defective observation.† Dr. Livingstone suggested ten years ago that the parting of the watershed between the Zambesi and the Nile might be somewhere between the latitudes 6° and 12° south, that the two rivers rose in the same region, and that their sources would probably be found at no considerable distance from each other.‡ Should this conception be realised, a remarkable resemblance will exist between the two great rivers of Western Europe and the Zambesi

* 'Missionary Travels,' p. 476.

† The observation is recorded by Captain Speke; and it may be observed that his eye-sight had become greatly impaired in his first expedition.

‡ 'Missionary Travels,' p. 477.

and the Nile. The Danube and the Rhine have their sources very near to each other, but the streams diverge, the one, like the Zambesi, to the east, the other, like the Nile, to the North, both traversing a vast extent of country before they pour their waters into the sea. This most interesting problem is now, perhaps, nearer its solution than it has ever been, for Dr. Livingstone's instructions for his new journey of exploration are to reach the Tanganyika, and to direct his particular attention to its effluent; and as the distance between the two lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza cannot be considerable, it is to be hoped that he will be able to test the correctness of the information which he formerly received, as well as that given to Captains Burton and Speke. The question afterwards to be determined will be, whether the Albert Nyanza is connected with the Nile, and if so, how connected. The river which flows from the Victoria Nyanza was traced by Captain Speke for only fifty miles, but Mr. Baker has established by personal observation the fact that it flows into the Albert Nyanza, having ascended its banks to the point where Captain Speke left it, namely, the Karuma Falls. Mr. Baker asserts that he saw, or imagined he saw, a river at a distance of twenty miles from the furthest northerly point which he reached on the Albert Nyanza, issuing from the lake and traversing the plain beyond; but nothing can be reasonably affirmed or inferred from such distant observation. The Albert Nyanza may be connected with the Nile by some great but hitherto undiscovered stream communicating with the Bahr el Ghazal (the Nile of Herodotus), and this supposition is rendered highly probable when taken in connexion with the information which Mr. Baker received from the people residing on the shores of the Albert Nyanza, that the lake extends to the north-west for about forty miles, when it suddenly turns to the west, contracting gradually, and that its extent is unknown. That the Bahr el Ghazal may ultimately prove to be the true Nile is thus rendered extremely probable, nor does its mere-like character, so far as it has been explored, militate against such a supposition. The characteristic of the Nile below Khartúm, for a considerable part of its course, and for a large portion of the year, is that of a very sluggish stream with gigantic reeds springing out of the stagnant water on each side. In descending the stream from Gondokoro, on passing the Bahr el Ghazal, it is a custom, Captain Grant tells us, for all boats to fire a gun as a salute, possibly a traditiona-

ry honour paid to the great source of Egypt's fertility. The river, which flows from Gondokoro at its junction with the Bahr el Ghazal, is only eighty or a hundred yards across, while the Bahr el Ghazal is half a mile in width, and after the junction of the two streams Captain Grant admits that there is an evident increase in breadth and width, that the water thenceforward becomes purer, losing much of its turbid appearance, and that the current is considerably increased.* The river which flows past Gondokoro, and which Captain Speke, in his map, traces from the Victoria Nyanza, is, Dr. Beke informs us, known there not as the Bahr el Abyad, or White Nile, but as the Bahr el Djebel, or mountain river.

Should it be eventually found that the Tanganyika is connected with the Albert Nyanza, and the latter by its westerly or any other effluent with the Bahr el Ghazal, it will necessarily follow that the Tanganyika, or rather the river Marunga, which enters that lake at its southern extremity, will form the true head water of the Nile, and the course of the mighty river will then be proved to extend through forty degrees of latitude, and the great lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza will be but the expansion of a majestic river the course of which, from its fountain head to its embouchure, will exceed four thousand miles.

We have, in a former number of the 'Quarterly Review,' expressed our doubts whether the result of Captain Speke's travels could be accepted by geographers as final solution of the great problem which has perplexed the scientific and the curious of all ages, and the important discovery by Mr. Baker of the great Albert Nyanza confirms us in that opinion; for the notion of Captain Speke that the little Luta Nzige ('Albert Victoria') was only a backwater of the 'Nile,' which the river must 'fill' before it could continue its course, has been proved to be completely erroneous. The Albert Nyanza is a lake of vast although unknown dimensions, but certainly inferior neither to the Victoria Nyanza nor the Tanganyika, receiving the drainage of extensive mountains ranges on the west, and of the Utumbi, Uganda, and Unyoro countries to the east. There is even considerable reason to doubt whether the river struck by Captain Speke at Madi is even the same which he left at the Karuma Falls, for no part of its subsequent course, although

* See p. 390 of Captain Grant's 'Walk across Africa,'—a remarkable record of courageous endurance and a most amusing picture of African manners and character.

indicated upon a map for two hundred geographical miles, was ever seen by him: and Dr. Peney, one of the Austrian missionaries, who resided for nine years at Gondokoro, concluded from the results of long observation that the river which flows past that place contributes little or nothing to the flood of the Nile. The sum of Captain Speke's discoveries, therefore, now appears to consist in the fact that he discovered in his first exploratory journey the great lake Victoria Nyanza, and in his second a river issuing from it, which, after a not very lengthened course, has been ascertained to fall, in common, however, with several other rivers probably as large if not larger than itself, into another enormous lake, now denominated the Albert Nyanza; but of the effluent of this lake positively nothing is at present known, however great may be the probability that a connexion between the Nile of Egypt and the lake may be hereafter incontrovertibly proved.

We trust that in the above remarks we shall not be suspected of wishing to detract from the real merits of the gallant explorer, whose untimely death is so generally and justly deplored. Whatever may be the ultimate value assigned to the facts ascertained by him, there can be no difference of opinion either as to the intrepidity of his character or on the magnitude of the exploit of the march across the continent of Africa, which he and his companion Captain Grant accomplished in the face of so many dangers and at the cost of many sufferings and privations.

The complete solution of the great geographical problem may not be given to one explorer, nor perhaps will it be accomplished in one generation, but we certainly appear to be approaching nearer and nearer to its determination. If the lake Tanganyika should prove to be connected with the Albert Nyanza, and the Albert Nyanza by its westerly or other effluent with the great river of Egypt, to Dr. Livingstone may yet be awarded the honour of being the real discoverer of the source of the Nile, the probable region of which he pointed out long before any of the expeditions from the eastern coast of Africa had been undertaken; and he may soon, by a careful survey of the Tanganyika and possibly also of the Albert Nyanza, be on the verge of a discovery which will far surpass in interest any that has hitherto been made within the basin of the Nile.

From the Saturday Review.

NEW POETRY.*

WHY should any one, with certain obvious exceptions, go on writing poetry? The answer is plain; that it is a great amusement to the writers, and, on the whole, after making allowance for certain undeniable evils, it is not a very great annoyance to any one else. We exclude, of course, the possible danger of being called upon to listen to an author's recital of his works, or to give him a candid opinion of their merits. But there is the great advantage about a poem that it is generally short. Few men in these days have the courage for writing original epics, though they have a fancy for translating them. Mr. Brodie, indeed, is going to bring out a poem in four cantos. Only one has appeared at present, and persons who like such reading as we are about to describe may get through it very comfortably in half an hour. Taken in these moderate doses, we incline to the opinion that some people may not impossibly finish it. We do not, however, recommend the experiment. Mr. Brodie favours us with a preface, giving an anticipatory defence for having written a poem at all. He says that people will tell him, first, that this is not a poetical age; and, secondly, that he should have chosen a subject more removed from him in time. Instead of describing the cruise of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, he should have taken the "Discovery of America," the "Death of Montezuma," the "Fall of Wallenstein," or some similarly lively subject. We certainly are not about to raise either of these objections. Our one recommendation to Mr. Brodie would be next time to leave out the rhymes and the divisions into lines and stanzas. His poem will run into very tolerable prose; but it comes under no definition of poetry that we know of, except that of being in verse. It is mere prose bewitched; and it is really curious that a man should fancy himself to be writing a poem when he is merely torturing Captain Sherard Osborn's book into Spenserian stanzas. The process certainly is free from one objection. There is no affectation of the ordinary kind about his writing. It never becomes turgid or metaphorical or bombastic (except, indeed, that an invocation of the Spirit of

* *Euthanasia*. By Erasmus H. Brodie. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.
The Wife's Litany, and other Pieces. By John Butler Chorley. London: Chapman & Hall. 1865.

Poesy is inserted *à propos* of nothing particular about half-way through); but then it is at least as necessary for a poet to try to be vigorous as to avoid being overstrained, whereas Mr. Brodie jogs as contentedly along in his Spenserian stanzas as if he was writing an account of the expedition for the newspapers. The whole performance is about on the level of those curious productions which are sometimes sent in for prize poems; in which the author has been so surprised at finding that he can rhyme, that he has quite forgotten to do anything else. It is a really curious psychological phenomenon that any educated man should have written such stuff as *Euthanasia*, and been deceived by its external form into fancying that it had more in common with Spenser than with a column of the *Times*.

The so-called poem begins with a statement of the subject, with remarks on the general impulse communicated to science by the peace of 1815, and the special impulse towards Arctic discovery, followed by some observations about the Esquimaux, and "their manners strange, how every gift they lick, needle or saw or looking-glass or knife." Luckily, he passes them over shortly, though "inclined, did time admit, their clean Pure dome of snow to sing and winter's household scene." We are then favoured with a slight sketch of Arctic discovery between the years 1815 and 1845, in such terms as these — "fresh expeditions constantly were made year after year, and winters whole men stayed in forest deserts." After which Sir John Barrow makes a long speech, to no particular audience and in no particular time or place; this being a poetical way of stating that he had written a great many articles in the *Quarterly Review*, of which these stanzas contain the substance. He tells, for example, how Dease and Simpson

Re-embarked on board,
Mapped two successive years three hundred miles
With patience unexcelled and superhuman
toils.

This speech

th' assembled sailor chivalry
Drank with one ear;

a somewhat singular performance; which means, metaphorically, that they approved of Sir John's articles. Lord Haddington then remarks to Sir John Franklin that he is sixty years old, and must stay at home; whereupon,

Him with eyes that shine,
Brief answer made the knight, "I am but fifty-nine!"

A good many volunteers join Sir John, and hereupon the Spirit of Poesy is invoked as before mentioned, with some of the customary talk about "Tiber's side and Arno's rill;" after which the progress of the expedition is duly detailed in the style of "Our Own Correspondent." The ships, we are told, were well found:—

Three years' provisions in each ship are stored,
Three years, 'tis hoped, will bring them safely
back;
And all that arts inventive can afford,
Food, implements, ice-saws, crow's-nest, they
pack.

We have careful geographical details in this fashion:—

If there too spiteful winter closed the gate,
Debarred both routes, still all the South re-
mained,

Thro' Regent Inlet or James Ross's Strait,
By which the continent could be attained.

After this, the poet takes his sailors comfortably down the Thames, introducing a stanza upon Lord Palmerston, which he assures us in a note "is not out of place," because he has just mentioned the heroic nature of Englishmen; and, therefore, "as a true exemplar of an English gentleman, a few lines here are not irrelevant." Gradually we get to Stromness and to the Arctic Seas, where, as the poet pathetically remarks:—

Animal life abounds, the seal serene
Basks with his shining orbs, or huge whales
shake
The trembling wave, fowl feed, and walrus
awake.

If by the seal's "shining orbs" are meant his eyes, we should have preferred calling them fishy. Having got his adventurers safely to Beechey's Island, Mr. Brodie comes home, as he rather mysteriously tells us, "to drop his anchor in the Muse's port, and have his frail bark in strong iron cased, that soon must be by fiercest tempest chased, fronting all winter's utmost rage severe." What Mr. Brodie's bark means, or why it should be iron-cased, we have not the faintest idea. But we hope that the process won't enable him to make many more ventures in the poetical line.

Mr. Chorley's volume, if it does not attain any very high degree of excellence, is at least too good to be put in the same class with Mr. Brodie's. Mr. Chorley is evidently a man of taste, who, if he does not write very excellent poems, knows at any rate what poems ought to be. His verses do not give us the impression of having first been written in prose, then cut up into lengths of ten syllables, and finally twisted about forcibly into rhymes. They have a certain

natural swing and harmony about them, which shows that, if the writer had any very poetical ideas, they would not fail of expression for want of due power over language. We may, and in fact do, think them deficient in inspiration; but there is nothing in them grotesque, nor any absence of due polish. Mr. Chorley himself speaks very modestly about them. The chief poem, the "Wife's Litany," had, he says, been laid aside for several years, and when he accidentally found it again he thought it had "a certain character of its own sufficiently genuine to warrant its preservation." We do not dispute this verdict, as it is in fact rather difficult to say what exact degree of merit warrants the preservation of a poem. The most curious thing about it is the method of composition of which Mr. Chorley informs us. He seems, as we judge from other pieces in the volume, to have a decided predilection for ghosts and the supernatural generally. He says himself that the "source of the poem was derived from that unknown region which lies beyond the range of the mind's voluntary excursions — a mysterious province, every glimpse of which I have long been accustomed to regard with attention, not to say with reverence." Accordingly, Mr. Chorley favours us with a ballad, something after the "Ancient Mariner" fashion, where a dead man steers a ship home, all its proper navigators being killed off in a very disagreeable manner. He finds the remains of an old wreck in another ballad, and has a long and interesting conversation with a ghost, who kindly gives him the particulars of the accident by which it was lost, and ends by calling up the spirits of the rest of the crew, much as Admiral Hosier's injured ghost did in a parallel case. Mr. Chorley, then, having these propensities towards the superhuman, had a dream. He saw "a vision of the night," in which the leading incidents of the "Wife's Litany" were presented "with such vivacity and completeness that, on waking, it was little more than an act of memory to retrace the received impression." The dream which thus formed the nucleus of the poem appears, as we infer from the poem itself, to have been on this wise. He saw an old chapel at midnight, in which a villanous knight, assisted by his domestic chaplain and an evil-minded retainer, were burying a victim. This victim would naturally be a gentleman who had been in love with the knight's wife before her marriage, and whom he had taken the opportunity to murder comfortably, with the chaplain's connivance, on his unexpected reappearance. To the party

thus pleasantly engaged enters the wife, in a state either of somnambulism or of demoniacal possession; for, from a conversation of certain highly indefinite "voices" a short time before, Mr. Chorley seems to attribute this sleep-walking to a very ill-disposed "Shadow," which makes the lights burn blue. The lady walks up to the altar, and, kneeling down before it, proceeds to utter her "litany," which, it need hardly be said, is not of a conciliatory tendency to her husband. She prays, in fact, in a very emphatic manner, that —

For the lips his breath has soiled,
On his lips be gall and blight;
And the worm that sleeps not, coiled
In his bosom day and night.

After a good deal of this, the bell strikes midnight, and the "unhallowed sprite" leaves her; she awakes, sees her lover lying dead, and, what is indeed the only course open to her under the circumstances, falls on his body and dies herself; the knight goes mad; and "the voices" inform us that the lady and her lover are going up to heaven without further trouble. The various scenes which lead up to this conclusion may be easily imagined. We certainly do not envy Mr. Chorley his dreams, which are unpleasantly suggestive of previous suppers. Admitting, however, that poets have a right to deal in shadows and voices and wild huntsmen and other anomalous beings, the story is well enough told. The form, it appears, is intended to be in imitation of Spanish comedy, and people who like to read pretty verses about such unsubstantial subjects may go through it without any danger of having their taste offended. We confess that dreamland seems to us to be rather too unsubstantial a district even to found poems upon; but Mr. Chorley may boast of having added one more to a list in which Kubla Khan is the only other example that we can at present remember.

Neither of the poems we have noticed can be considered as serious additions to our literature; but, as mathematicians say that one indefinitely small thing may bear an indefinitely great ratio to another, so two poor poems may be incomparably different in merit. Mr. Chorley is not a Shakespeare, nor even a Coleridge; but a talent for writing elegant verse without very much meaning, or very ambitious aim, is enough to establish a vast difference between its possessor and a writer of the unsuccessful prize-poem order. It is worth while to compare him with Mr. Brodie, in order to give him the gratitude due for what is, at first sight, the rather negative merit of not being more prosaic than prose itself.